John K Ulrich 52 20

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

SHE WILL ALWAYS BE DEAR.

BY W. E. KNOWLES.

Though the grass hides the grave where our little one lies,
And the slab has been mossy for many a year,
Yet we miss the sweet angel that dwells in the skies,
And as long as we live she will always be dear
We shall never forget she went down to the tomb
In the springtime of nature and spring-time of life;
Like some rose-bud that promises beauty and bloom,
Ere the winds come abroad in tempestuous strife.

And like such a frail rose-bud, she lived but an hour,
Smitten down by the winds of the messenger's wings;
And the dear life went out like the light in a flower,
While our hearts felt the sorrow which death only brings.

She was dead! But it seemed more a beautiful sleep,
Or a vision of peace in a troublesome sky;
And we gazed on the scene but to sorrow and weep,
That so perfect a being was destined to die.

And though sunshine and gladness have brought a relief,
In the long lapse of time since our idol was here,
Yet the thought she is dead brings a sigh and a grief,
And as long as we live she will always be dear.
She will always be dearer than words can express,
As the perfect assemblage of goodness and love;
While the heavenly graces that angels possess
Were developed in life and perfected above.

Wilson, N. Y., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE PAST.

"'Tis the past that gives
The truest and the loveliest light
In which the future lives."

The past—how bright the glance
We cast o'er life's unending chain;
We see the joys we once had felt,
But never can behold again.

We see childhood's dreamy landscape;
Its pleasant days, its happy hours,
Spent with the loved of "long ago,"
When its transient bliss was ours.

We see youth's ideal season,
Pass quickly by, alas! too soon;
And e're we tasted of its pleasures,
They had vanished into gloom.

We see manhood's brightest visions
Vanish beneath Time's magic touch;
We see within death's cold embrace
The friends that we have loved so much.

But while darkness round us gathers,
A light above the pathway gleams;
Like sunlight o'er the heaving waters,
Breaks on the path—on youth's bright dreams.

While earth's sorrows hard oppress us,
The past within our bosom 's hid:
The past—'tis life's truest beacon;
Shall we forget them?—God forbid.

I love the past—shall ever love it,
And 'tis the greatest boon I crave,
That its bright hours won't be forgotten,
Till all is lost in "Lethe's wave."

As old age, it slowly deepens,
And pleasures one by one decline;
Then shall we mourn, ah! sadly mourn
The days of "*Auld Lang Syne!*"

M.

East Smithfield, Pa., 1862.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

FASHION AND PASSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY ABEL FARM.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III

SHOWING HOW HARRY STANLEY SPENT THE SUMMER.

James Drayton was a man whose youth had been passed amid the terrors and triumphs of the Revolution. His was no wild and daring spirit, but sturdy and steadfast. He had learned to command by showing his skill in obeying, and had always been celebrated for his punctuality and faithfulness. Reserved and undemonstrative, he yet displayed such resolution and undaunted courage, that his superiors knew well the orders given to young Drayton were as good as executed. His was no half-way work. His whole heart and soul was in his duty, and to do that well, was all his happiness. No one could have been better calculated for the trying position of commander of Stone Fort, than the bachelor Captain, whose firmness and dignity were ever more than sufficient to ensure his commands being obeyed with alacrity. But wo unto him who, through negligence or otherwise, failed to come up to the mark. The silent glance of contempt or reproof was full punishment for the degraded soldier, and few dared to encounter it a second time. To him, therefore, as an old friend and companion, Mr. Stanley confided his son; and, as Harry stood before him, his brow flushed, and his whole frame breathing of life and vigor, a smile illuminated the lips of the noble captain, for the first time for years, but as quickly passed away.

"You are welcome, young man," he said quietly, "for your father's sake; but I fear this kind of life will be irksome to you, as you will be obliged to submit to the rules of the Fort, and obey orders."

"I came here with that intention, sir, but understood I was to have the liberty of hunting as often as I wished."

"Liberty and restriction," replied the captain, as he turned towards a large map which hung on the wall, and drew with his pencil a line around the spot marked as "the Fort," which would represent about ten miles of distance on each side of it. "There, study that, and to-morrow I will send one of the men to show you how far that line extends. Beyond it, the country is extremely dangerous. You will also remember to be inside of the Fort by six o'clock every evening, and I have no doubt we will get along very comfortably together."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when the door was suddenly opened, and a young man, whose appearance denoted alarm, rushed in, exclaiming, "The Indians! The Indians! They are coming!"

"Impossible!" said Captain Drayton, "They would not dare to venture so near; there must be some mistake."

"No mistake, I assure you," replied the man, "I was walking quietly along Stony creek, and hearing a rustling among the bushes, looked up, and saw a whole battalion coming down the creek. They were not within rifle shot, so I ran back as fast as I could to warn you."

The Captain reflected a few minutes; then, not deeming it desirable to disregard such a warning, gave orders to have the whole company under arms immediately, and soon the fort was in a state of excitement that was quite a novelty to our young friend; but he joined in the expedition with a good-will that soon won him the regard of the soldiers. In less than half an hour, the troops were in motion, and proceeded towards the place designated, but what was the surprise and amusement of the whole party, when they came suddenly upon a parcel of cows grazing. Merriment and confusion succeeded the order and solemnity that reigned before; so, after sending scouts on ahead to see if there was any possibility of Indians being about, they mounted the guide that had given the false alarm on their shoulders and returned to the fort, shouting and singing boisterously. Such was our hero's introduction to a soldier's life.

Harry soon made friends with all the young officers, and a noble set of fellows they were, but very merry withal. This evening their supper and conversation was prolonged in honor of their new comrades. Many a joke and story passed around, which Harry was sometimes slow to comprehend. Of course this created new merriment. Lieutenant Gordon was particularly talkative, gliding from one subject to another with such rapidity that rendered it difficult for any one else to speak at all. At least so said Sam Harper, who was a large, healthy looking specimen of a Western man, and who frequently threatened to throw a bottle at Gordon, if he did not stop his noise.

"It positively makes me nervous," said he, "this continual clatter; I wonder if you ever stop talking? I would not like to sleep with you, I dare say you talk all night."

"Well, what's the difference? If I was not speaking some one else would be, and then the generality of you are so stupid that we should all be asleep in five minutes if it were not for me. Why, you are eternally thinking of Henrietta, and Hopkins is always dreaming he has found the lead mines, that the Indians are so careful to conceal, and is rapidly making his fortune, and Stanley is inwardly singing 'The girl I left behind me.' Oh dear! what a bored set of fellows you would be if it were not for me. Don't you want to see how the Chinese dance?" Here he jumped up as quick as lightning, and began to perform some gyrations. "You see I have been nearly all over the world, and have worn out the sickly, sentimental ideas that all you young fellows are afflicted with."

"Confound you, you will set us all crazy," cried Harper, seizing an empty bottle, and holding it as if he would throw it at him; "now let me have a chance; I want these new comers to tell us all about those pretty girls they left at home. It is perfectly awful to be shut up here for months, and never see a petticoat! I have a mind to hunt up a squaw on my account. Come, boys, aggravate us!"

"There, I said, you were all thinking of the girls; a pretty set of soldiers, you are! I believe I will report you to the captain; you know what his opinion is of such trifling conversation."

"I wonder what the captain has to say on that subject? Because he has chosen to be a bachelor, is no reason why we should follow his example. By the bye, I wonder why he never married! He is only a man after all, and a very handsome one. I have a notion to ask him."

"I would advise you, friend Harper, to discontinue this subject, as I happen to know that Captain Drayton will not brook having his private affairs meddled with, and I respect him for it," said Hopkins, gravely.

"Bravo! Bravo! First-rate for Hopkins! Pass the bottle this way, preachers don't drink! Three cheers for the preacher! May he live to be as old as the captain, and be obliged to follow his example!"

Just as Harper finished the last sentence, he dropped into his seat very abruptly, for there at the open door stood Captain Drayton calmly surveying them; he had entered a few minutes before, but the noise and confusion prevented them from hearing him.

"Young men," said he, in a voice deep, powerful, but perfectly calm, "you know how I dislike such boisterous frolics; you would have shown more respect for me and your friends, by treating them with dignity. I desire that you will now disperse, and I also wish to see Mr. Stanley in my room previous to retiring. Good evening, gentlemen," and, raising his hat slightly, he departed.

The meeting broke up with sundry grimaces on the part of Gordon, and a feeling of regret in the minds of the others. That Captain Drayton had heard part of the conversation was certain, and there was not one of them that did not feel more ashamed of having wounded his feelings, than if he had publicly reproved them.

As Harry entered his room a few minutes after, he found him with his head leaning on the table, his hands clasped convulsively over his face, and the traces of tears glistening between them. Hearing him approach, he started up, and brushing them away, laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, saying kindly:

"Henry Stanley, the events of this day have doubtless surprised us both; you, to find I have a heart; me, into betraying it. In all our future intercourse, let it not be spoken of or forgotten." And Harry, pressing his hand to his lips, respectfully sought the chamber he was to share with his friend, Hopkins, with a feeling of sadness and sympathy he could not account for.

CHAPTER IV.

ONEIDA.

About seven miles up Stony creek, and in the depths of a dense forest, stood a substantial log house, built after the manner of the early settlers, but evidently much better fashioned than the generality of the rude huts that were hastily constructed in those days. The lower part of the house consisted of a large room which served for parlor, sitting-room and library, and really displayed some efforts at civilization. Examining the small book case, you might have found an old edition of Shakspeare, in eight volumes; a very fine edition of the Spectator, also in eight volumes; Zimmerman on Solitude, Scottish Chiefs, and Mysteries of Udolpho, very much worn; sundry volumes of the Ladies' Magazine, with highly colored fashion plates; several law books and a few school books, besides other books on various subjects. The furniture in this room was old, but had been quite good; the straight-backed chairs had once rejoiced in hair-cloth, but were now covered with gay chintz, while small curtains of the same decorated the windows. A large leather armchair and a sofa, also covered with chintz, completed the furniture of this room.

Separated from the parlor by a large hall, which extended through the house, and was itself larger than either room, was the spacious kitchen, with an immense fire-place, where, summer and winter, blazed a wood fire, while pot-hooks of various sizes hung down the chimney. Around the kitchen large nails were driven in the logs, on which a miscellaneous set of articles were suspended. Hams, bags of seed, two saddles, bridles, parts of harness, ropes, bunches of herbs, old coats, a horse-whip, a piece of dried beef, and lastly, two guns, one a common shooting rifle, and a double-barrelled musket, which were always kept loaded; besides there were two tables, a wooden settee, and a cupboard that contained all the chinaware that was needed for that select family. Very seldom did a visiter cross their threshold; indeed, they were so far removed from other habitations, and so entirely away from the common road, that very few persons were ever aware of their existence.

The upper part of the house was divided into four rooms; the best of these was designed for a female, with an old fashioned, straight posted bedstead, whose tapering points nearly touched the ceiling. A bureau and chest of drawers, adorned with little brass ornaments, which were always kept polished, a small looking-glass, a well preserved rose wood work-table and a Bible. Clean white curtains were closely drawn over the diminutive windows. The other rooms we will not describe; one being a store-room, the next occupied by an elderly female who acted as housekeeper, and the last appropriated by the proprietor of the place, who thus singularly had chosen to absent himself from his fellow-men and immure his daughter in the vast wilderness.

No one knew anything of him, and several years later, when his residence there became a matter of inquiry, there was but one person who could throw any light on the matter. This was an old man who lived twelve miles below Stone Fort, upon the banks of the Juniata. Poor and solitary he employed himself in raising the little that he required for his subsistence, catching a few fish, or making hickory brooms for any one that would give him meat or clothes in exchange. After being assured that no possible harm could arise to him from telling all he knew, he gave his account as follows:

About nineteen years previous, and shortly after the Declaration of Independence, he was living in the same little hut, when one day a gentleman drove to his door in a small, but genteel wagon, and inquired if he knew of any one that would undertake to build him a house on a piece of ground he had purchased some twenty miles off. He said he would pay the workmen well, giving them an extra fee, if they would use all possible despatch. As the old man was himself a carpenter and had some experience in those matters, he readily undertook it, and with the aid of two other sturdy men, they soon managed to finish the building, fences and outhouses, under the immediate superintendence of the unknown gentleman. He then engaged him to take a wagon to Philadelphia, to bring up some furniture and other necessaries; as soon as he was comfortably fixed, he paid him a good round sum for his trouble, after binding him to perfect silence on the subject if he should ever be questioned. This was all he knew, and as no one had ever inquired into the matter, it had gradually passed out of his mind, and it was only by a great effort he could recall this much of the history of the recluse.

Dismissing all surmises about the occupants, we will now take another glance at the premises. Along the front of the house was a well finished porch. A neat paling fence enclosed a small lawn covered with grass, and containing two fine sugar maples, a couple of cedars, a few rose bushes, and two or three wooden seats. All around was the thick forest except a field that had been cleared for pasture and a vegetable garden. Everything was neat and in order, indicating not only care, but taste.

The only visiter known at this place was a solitary Indian, the last remnant of the Oneida tribe, who by some chance had either wandered into this region, or had been left behind when his people were driven out or emigrated. He appeared to be in the prime of life, and was a remarkably fine looking man; his commanding figure, and robust, athletic limbs denoting a strength and agility that could not have been equalled in any tribe. His skin was a shade less dark than those usually seen, and his face had never been disfigured by the "tattoo," although on his arms and body those marks had been carried to an excess. He was very particular about his dress, never appearing before his friends without being scrupulously clean, and arraying himself in all his ornaments. That he had been a distinguished leader of his tribe no one could doubt—his dignified bearing, the rich plumes and bears' claws he so delighted to wear, and his whole demeanor, verified the assertion. He always wore two circlets of blue and red eagle feathers, which he seemed to prize very highly. The loneliness of this poor Indian, and the utter isolation of Mr. Morris and his daughter, formed a bond of sympathy between them, and the comfortable home was always a resort for Oneida in the severe winter weather, while he never came without bringing venison, game, or fish, more than would repay for his accommodation. He also frequently brought flour and meal, which he procured from some of the far-off settlers in exchange for venison and wild turkeys which abounded in the forests. In return for this, John Morris had taught him to speak and read the English language, to which he had applied himself diligently for fifteen years. He could now converse freely with them, but the reading was much slower work. The daughter of Mr. Morris had also been taught exclusively by him, but he took much pains with her and she progressed rapidly, learning all he was able to teach and panting for more. Maria Morris was indeed lovely. She possessed that dark, brilliant style of beauty, combined with an ever active mind, a splendid memory, and that quick intelligence which would have ripened into genius if propely cultivated, and a natural grace which would have adorned her equally in the halls of fashion or the wide fields of nature. To her Oneida was strongly attached, and she was quite as fond of him, as he was the only variety that gladdened her passive life. Often would she wander away into the paths he was accustomed to take, or sit for hours by the beautiful spring where she knew he would first be seen. This, and part of the care of their small household, was her only occupation, and, although after reading the works her father had provided for her, she would sometimes feel chafed and restless at the seclusion and indolence in which she lived, such was her subjection to her parent's will, and her habit to study his comfort, that this inward struggle never found vent in words.

For fifteen years Oneida had been a welcome visiter at the house of Mr. Morris, displaying towards Maria even more affection than her father; she had carried her about in his arms, gathering berries for her, or wild flowers to adorn her hair, and later, when she grew almost into a woman, he would roam with her through the woods, teaching her to gather mushrooms or herbs, and showing her the different trees, every one of which she knew by its bark.

A short time before our tale commenced, they were sitting in a favorite spot among the rocks, at the edge of the cool, clear spring which welled up so luxuriantly at their feet, and s reamed away into the dark forest, when Maria noticed a sudden gloom come over the Indian's countenance. It was not the first time she had perceived it; for months he had spells of depression, from which all her affection could scarcely arouse him.

"Dear Oneida," said Maria, as she placed her hand trustingly in his, "it grieves me so to see you sad; tell me what makes you so. Would you go to seek your own kindred?"

"You speak well," replied the Indian, gravely; "I would go to my tribe, far, far away, but I cannot leave Maria."

"I know you love us, Oneida; but if you pine for your own people, we must try to spare you; but who will take me hunting when you are gone, or bring me flowers?"

"Maria," said he earnestly, "friend Morris loves me, he will give you to me. Will you go with Oneida?" and seizing both her hands he gazed eagerly into her dark eyes, his own flashing with a passion whose intensity almost frightened her. For the first time in her life, she dreaded the Indian. Her woman's nature half told her the secret, but she had always considered him as an elder brother, and even now she tried to believe he only desired her society and that of her father.

"Dear Oneida," said she trembling, "my father will not leave his home, and I can never leave my father. Think how lonely he would be! No, no! You must stay with us, and wander about in our dear old woods. You need not go to your people, they think you are dead long ago."

The Indian drew her towards him, and taking a penknife from his belt, raised up one of the long black curls that flowed in such profusion over her neck and shoulders, and severing one small ringlet, secreted it in his bosom, then taking one of his circlets of eagle feathers hung it around her neck. "Wear that for Oneida's sake," he cried, kissing both her hands in triumph and throwing himself at her feet, placed one of them on his breast. This to him was a betrothal. He already considered her his wife, while she, only too delighted to see him cheerful again, and to think that he was not going away, accompanied him home, jumping, singing, and gathering all the wild flowers in her way, to stick in the Indian's belt, or twine in her own black tresses; those tresses that had first fascinated him, and that were even now weaving their powerful web of enchantment around him. Better for her had they been cut off like the locks of Samson, and consumed in the flames! carrying with then her glory indeed, but also her strength and power over this fearful Philistine.

CHAPTER V.

LOST.

Nothing could exceed Harry's delight at the new life into which he was ushered. He found the companionship of the American officers both pleasant and instructive, while the constant repartee, and amusing stories they were so fond of indulging in, rendered his sojourn amongst them full of enjoyment. Then, his acquaintance with Captain Drayton tended more and more to attach him to that gentleman; and the momentary weakness he had so unwillingly displayed, combined with the mystery that was drawn around his early days, drew the heart of the young man towards him. Of course, the Captain's intercourse with the officers and soldiers was distinguished by dignity and ceremonial, but to Harry he was always genial and affectionate.

"Hopkins," said Harry, one night on retiring, after having spent the evening with the Captain; "I would give something to know what it is that oppresses the spirits of our commander. A man of his talents and strength of mind would not allow a slight cause to affect his life in this manner."

"Probably it has been some love affair, or some unfortunate duel that haunts him," replied Hopkins.

"Oh! nonsense, George; you attach too much importance to love affairs. For my part, I think no man who has intellectual force and energy would allow himself to be subdued by love."

"There you are mistaken, Harry. Do you mean to war against the established opinion of all the world? I tell you, they are the very persons who feel such things the most, indeed, this passion holds the strongest influence over the life of every man, with very few exceptions; and, if I am not mistaken, I shall yet live to see you under its power."

"Never, never!" cried Harry. "I have made a vow against it; but do let us go to sleep, for to morrow I intend to have a royal day's hunting."

Yes, sleep on Harry, for this is the last time you will have a chance to slumber so calmly. Truly, we know not what a day may bring forth. The hunting near the Juniata had been very successful this season. Harry had explored almost every section of this beautiful region, as far as he was allowed to go; often coming back loaded with game, but more frequently spending his time in climbing the rocky peaks, to admire the prospect, or loitering under the branches of some noble tree, and gazing into the water, dreaming of future glory or power. It was one of those lovely days that we often have in midsummer, when the heat has somewhat abated. The air was perfectly delightful—pure and bracing, and laden with the perfume of the woods. Harry sprang forth into the forest with a shout of joy. He seemed to have an excess of life, and as he roamed through the leafy paths, listening to the breathing and whispering of the leaves, as they danced and waved in the sunshine, his soul seemed to expand and his eye to dilate with overflowing emotion.

On, on, he went, unconscious where he was going, apparently rapt in his own thoughts. Many a bird was spared that day, merely because he would not break the charm that all-bountiful nature had thrown around him. He felt as if the dead or mangled forms of these innocent warblers were not a fit accompaniment to such glorious surroundings. And so he still wandered on as the sun began to decline, dreaming perhaps of a noble career, or perchance he may have dreamed of wandering forever through air as balmy, and forests as green and scenes as beautiful as those which now encompassed him. Finally his thoughts reverted to his own dear home, then to his abiding love for Captain Drayton. This brought him to himself again, but as he turned in every direction to seek a path by which to retrace his steps, the conviction rushed upon him that he was lost. He walked on a few yards, hoping to discover some clue by which he could find his way, but he only seemed to deepen into the forest. Then he started back again, thinking he must certainly see some place with which he was familiar, but all in vain. Surely he must be beyond the line that was given him as the limit of his rambles! Thoughts of his friends and superior, and his many warnings to keep away from the region infested by Indians, now oppressed him, adding new weariness to his whole frame. Not that he was afraid of any bodily harm, that was the farthest from his thoughts, but the odium of having disregarded rules, was the principal weight on his mind.

It then occurred to him that by walking in a straight line towards the setting sun, he might possibly get upon a hill, whence he could judge of the direction of the Fort, or at least meet with some habitation, so shouldering his rifle, he again moved onward. After walking some time, he saw with pleasure that the woods became more open, the thick growth of bushes and underbrush more scanty, and he was sure he had found a path.

"Yes, it must be a path," he reasoned, "although it is one I have never seen before; made by the Indians, I presume." At the same time he was startled by hearing a sound—a very peculiar sound. It seemed far off, but distinct. He did not wait to conjecture, but hurried on in the same direction, fearing he might lose it if he was not quick. Again he heard it, still more distinctly. "What can it be? It sounds like some one singing, yet it is not like a song."

On he walked, forgetting his fatigue, still keeping the path in view, until it again broke upon his ear. This time there could be no mistake. It was a full, melodious voice, not singing, but warbling, just as the birds do in trying their voices—now high, now low, without any method or tune, the most perfectly wild and rich notes that could be conceived. Harry did not hesitate, but still pushed on through the bushes and over fallen trees, until at last wearied and faint, but not despairing, he came in sight of the being who had allured him to this wild spot. The first thing that struck his eye was a succession of huge, shapeless rocks, thrown together in the wildest confusion and covered with pine trees, bushes and foliage of every description. Amongst these rocks, and almost at their base, rose a most beautiful spring, bubbling and welling up among the green leaves, and forming a small stream, which sparkled in the sunshine. By the side of this spring, with her long, black curls drooping almost into the water as she stooped over it to recover some of the flowers that had fallen from her lap, sat one of whom we have heard something before, but who, to Harry, appeared to be a forest nymph. So astonished was he that for a few minutes he stood paralyzed, while another burst of melody showed how utterly unconscious she was of his presence. "Surely that must be real flesh and blood, but whether Indian or Christian I cannot tell," thought he, as he remarked the eagle feathers around her throat, and the branches of the mountain laurel she was weaving into a wreath. He waited until her song was finished, then advanced towards her. The rustling of the leaves soon arrested her attention and as she caught sight of the unusual apparition she started with alarm and surprise,

"You need not fear me," said he, quietly approaching her; "I am only a poor stranger who has lost his way in the woods, and would give any fair fair find some one who could put him in the right path again: but, surely, you do not live here?" and he gazed around him once more at the rocks and trees, his eye seeking in vain for some sign of a human habitation.

"Oh, no!" said she, laughing; "if you will come with me, I will show you where we live, and my father can tell you the way back again, for he knows every place in this neighborhood."

"Then you are a Christian, after all, and a real woman," said Harry, as he gently took her sun burnt hand into his; "do you know, I thought you were an elf!"

"An elf! What is that?" and her joyous laugh rang through the woods, and was re-echoed by the rocks. "But, come."

Harry only too willingly obeyed her, and as he remarked her simple dress, her rich dark skin, though which the bright color rose and deepened under his gaze, and felt her beaming eyes fixed upon him in wonder, he thought he never had seen so strange yet lovely a being.

Her home was nearer than he imagined, as in a few minutes they came in sight of the neat but lonely dwelling. Mr. Morris was sitting on the porch with his head bent on his breast in silent abstraction. As the sound of voices aroused him, he sprang forward to meet his daughter with an air of surprise and reproof. Harry at once advanced, saying, "Forgive me, sir, for intruding on you; but I have been out hunting and lost my way. Fortunately, I met your daughter, who tells me you can show me how to return to the fort, as I am obliged to be there by six o'clock, and it is now not far from it."

"You are a soldier, then?" said Mr. Morris, frowning, and looking anything but pleased.

"No, sir, I am sorry to say; I am but a visiter there, yet I am subject to their rules."

"You look tired," said Morris, abruptly, "and hungry, I dare say; come in and eat something; I will conduct you to the right road before dark."

"I will not deny that I am both tired and hungry, but as I must be back by six, I will not further intrude on you."

"You cannot possibly get there by that time, so may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," replied he, doggedly; "besides, I would not have it said that John Morris sent a stranger from his door half famished; come in, I would like to talk with you, while Maria gets you a cup of coffee."

Harry obeyed, half pleased, half reluctant, while Maria bustled about, and in a few minutes spread such a nice meal before them, that our hero had soon forgotten his fatigue, as he regaled himself on the delicious bread and ham and excellent coffee she prepared for him. How he watched her as she arranged everything in her dainty way, and how he wondered where she learned to cook, and where the good fare came from. Maria also, as she busied herself in her household duties, felt a strange kind of excitement stealing over her, which she would have concealed if possible from the searching eyes of her father.

Our woman has gone on one of her shopping excursions," said Mr. Morris; "while she is away, my daughter and I perform her duties."

"Why, where can you shop out here?" exclaimed Harry in surprise.

"Oh! there is a store about fifteen miles off, and twice a year we send for what articles we need. But I wish to know something of yourself, what is your name, and where do you come from?"

"My name is Stanley, and I live in Philadelphia, but came here to spend the summer."

"Who has the command of the Fort, and what are you doing there?" again demanded he.

"Captain James Drayton is the commander, a friend of my father's."

"Indeed," said he, frowning, and relapsing into his sullen mood. In a few minutes he recovered himself, and continued—

"I once knew your father, and for his sake, you are welcome. Whenever you come this way do not fail to stop in and see us. I can show you a path that you can always remember, if you will, and perhaps you may find a day or so spent with us, a variety for you, but I do not wish to see any of your friends, without it should be the Captain," and the old man laughed hysterically. Then taking Harry's arm, he conducted him through an intricate part of the woods, until they came to a well-worn path. "Follow that," said he, pointing to it, and as Harry put out his hand to say "good-bye," he leaned forward, and muttered through his teeth, almost at his very ear, "I hate soldiers!"

Two hours after the regular time, Harry entered the Fort, feeling weary and condemned. Gordon met him at the gate, and exclaimed, "Why here you are at last; we thought you had been eaten by the Indians But you have gotten yourself into a terrible scrape with the Governor, I can tell you; you had better been scalped by a lute's work. Have I not spoken true?"

"John Morris is not a man to promise and not perform!" and the old man's face grew sterner and firmer, until Harry almost fancied he was the savage, while Maria grew pale and looked wistfully at him.

"My father has been wronged and cannot forget—he is to be pitied;" she said in a low one, as she noticed his look of horror.

"Where have you been, sir?" said his superior, sternly.

"I lost myself, while hunting, and must have gone beyond the line, but met with one of the settlers, who directed me."

"Hunting? Where is your game?" Then seeing him look embarrassed, he added, "Ah, I fear you have been making game of yourself, Harry; but go, I will forgive you, only remember that it will not do to transgress a second time."

CHAPTER VI.

PASSION.

As may be supposed, Harry's rest was not as tranquil as usual, that night. The varied feelings which had agitated him the preceding day; the wild beauty of the simple and artless girl he had so unexpectedly met; the strange, rough humor of her father, and the unlooked for levity of Captain Drayton, gave him abundant subjects for meditation; while he inwardly resolved to prosecute his acquaintance with his rustic entertainers. Everything about them was so singular, so utterly unlike anything he had ever seen at home, that he determined to know more of them, and promised himself an infinite fund of amusement, in studying their characters. He longed to make a confidant of his friend Hopkins, but the parting injunction of John Morris prevented him. Hopkins noticed his friend's restlessness and nervousness, but was too proud to seek a confidence that was purposely withheld.

From that day Harry became a constant visitor at the log house, whose inmates treated him more like an old friend than a recent acquaintance. He found no difficulty in learning Maria's character, for she never dreamed of concealing her feelings. Her rich, joyous laugh, and unfeigned gladness, as she bounded forth to meet him, linking her arm in his, and leading him around to look at her roses, or admire her favorite trees, soon won upon his heart, and he was never so happy as in her presence, roaming about in search of wild flowers, or, what he liked quite as well, carrying a bucket of water for her from the spring where he had first met her, or assisting in the various household duties. Sometimes he would sit on a low stool, and grind the coffee for their afternoon meal, shaking with laughter at the novelty of his situation; while she would re-echo the laugh, in her wild silvery tones, calling him "a good boy," for his trouble. Truly, they were a pair of silly children, playing in the sunshine, and never heeding the dark clouds that hovered over them.

John Morris was too much immersed in his own dreary thoughts to observe them, but sometimes he would wish for Hannah's return, or that Oneida would soon be back; and when Harry inquired "who Oneida was?" Maria launched forth into such praises of her Indian friend, his kindness and goodness, his strength and valor, that he felt half inclined to be jealous, but, considering he was only an Indian after all, his jealousy did not last very long.

In a few days old, Hannah returned, and a curious picture she was, to be sure. Perched upon a large, strong horse, with two pairs of saddle-bags, such as are sometimes used in the western countries, and wearing the most primitive and scanty dress, of no color at all, sat a small, withered, and sharp-featured old woman, her little gray eyes and quick motions betraying her resolute and fearless character. She was not a woman to be thwarted; not she! for small as she was, the person that made an enemy of her was sure to regret it. Here she was in her element, and the very woman to suit John Morris; active and energetic, the affairs of his house went on like clock-work, when she superintended it, and she was in all respects mistress of the place, but he was master.

Hannah was a good sort of woman, however, and loved Maria as if she was her own child: having assisted at her birth, and shortly after laid the mother in her lonely grave. Hannah raised the child, and was both mother and housekeeper. Indeed I hardly think this story would ever have been written if Hannah had not been contented in that wooden country, for John Morris could never have got along without her, and would, in all probability, have been obliged to leave his log cabin to reside in a more settled and civilized region.

Hannah very soon saw how matters stood between the young people, but, contrary to all expectation, was rather pleased than otherwise. Her imagination at once pictured a handsome home in the city, with her darling at the head of it, and herself duly installed as housekeeper, her advancing years rendering such a post quite acceptable. She had also suspected for some time the nature of the Indian's sentiments toward Maria, and, although she liked him, her natural hatred and fear of Indians in general, made her averse to any nearer connection with them. But all this she kept to herself; being one of those persons that think for and to themselves, and not anxious that every person else should know and agree with her opinions. She soon banished Maria from the kitchen, and when she had set everything to rights there, commenced making up the pretty printed calicoes she had brought home, into dresses for her young lady, wishing in her heart they had been ten times handsomer. She even went so far as to rummage in the old trunks, to see if there was anything of the mother's, that could be turned to advantage for the daughter.

But Harry liked her only too well, in her plain, modest dresses, and thought she never looked more beautiful than when she accompanied him in his hunting excursions, with his game bag across her shoulders, and her whole frame throbbing with life and health. It is strange he did not reflect how such beauty might suit his parents, or how she might compare with his more favored and accomplished sister; but he was in a dream, such a bewildering sort of dream as sometimes overwhelms young persons of both sexes, when the imagination runs wild with excess of happiness. But soon the outline of the dark cloud appeared on her life's horizon. It was a splendid cloud, and one that nearly made the brave Harry Stanley tremble. The first warning he had of its approach, was a shrill whistle, and a sudden bounding of Maria from his side, far up through the rocks that overhung the spring; whence she soon appeared, with one of Oneida's hands clasped in hers, the other round her waist.

Harry was almost transfixed. Once or twice he had heard them mention the Indian, but he had pictured to himself one of the commonest of his tribe; ignorant and disfigured. We may well judge of his surprise, as he looked at Oneida, and marked his tall, powerful and dignified figure; his noble countenance; his large fiery eyes, whose expression betrayed a wealth of passion and feeling unrivalled in Harry's short experience. Added to this, the picturesqueness of his costume, adorned with all the ornaments that distinguish a chief, yet perfectly fine and clean, and worn with so much grace and ease, one might have thought he had been bred amongst kings, instead of mountains.

Oneida was quite as much astonished to see Harry. Releasing Maria, he demanded: "Who is this young man?"

"Only a friend of mine and father's," said Maria as she withdrew from his grasp. "Harry, this is Oneida, of whom you have heard me speak," and, taking his hand, she drew him gently towards the Indian.

"I am very happy to see you, sir, but I perceive you have the best right here—the right of old acquaintance."

"Old friends are soon forgotten when new ones come," said Oneida bitterly.

"Forgotten! dear, dear Oneida, we never forget you," cried Maria springing to his side and clasping his hand in both of hers. "But come, you look tired, and my father and Hannah will be so glad to see you."

The Indian's brow relaxed as Maria led the way to the house, still clinging to his hand, while Harry followed, not feeling half as happy as he did an hour before.

"Mr. Stanley," said John Morris as they sat at the supper-table a few evenings afterwards, "you see before you my much valued and tried friend, to whom I am more indebted than I ever thought of being indebted to any human being; he has warned us of approaching danger, and concealed us in the caves which only he could find, periling his own life in waiting until we could return in safety. His hands have defended us from wild beasts, and brought us roots and venison in the depth of winter, when we might have starved but for his skill; lastly, he is our only dependence in coming danger, and has promised to protect my daughter in case of my death. Oneida is indeed a faithful friend. Respect him."

"Pardon me," replied the Indian in his measured, dignified tone; "for all I have done I have received full payment; for all I may yet do, I expect to receive more than ample reward for a life's work. Have I not spoken true?"

"John Morris is not a man to promise and not perform!" and the old man's face grew sterner and firmer, until Harry almost fancied he was the savage, while Maria grew pale and looked wistfully at him.

"My father has been wronged and cannot forget—he is to be pitied;" she said in a low one, as she noticed his look of horror.

"The red men never forgive an injury or break a promise."

"Neither will I," said John Morris, "therefore I am almost a red man! Eh, Oneida?"

Here Hannah gave an awful scream, and rushed into the kitchen; the next instant a panther, that had evidently been attracted by the game Oneida had brought in that afternoon, was seen just springing on the dog. Harry's rifle was soon discharged and he hastened to load again, when he found his powder was all gone. Morris seized his rifle from the shelf and took aim, but only wounded the dog. Then Oneida let fly an arrow which hit the panther on the back, but only served to enrage him the more. Harry seeing the dog was fast giving in, rushed toward the double-barrelled gun, knowing that was loaded.

"Touch that at your peril!" shouted John Morris, hurling him out of the room, and hastening up stairs for more powder, but ere he returned, one of Oneida's arrows had entered the animal's eye, another his heart, and he was now busy in trying to relieve the wounds of the dog, while Harry, stunned by the old man's violence, was sitting on the floor, with his head between his hands, and Maria vainly trying to sooth him.

"Fool that I was to come here," muttered Harry, impatiently.

"My own dear Harry, do not talk so! He did not mean it; he has been so excited to-day, and the memory of his injury makes him so angry. Believe me, when you know all, you will forgive him, and I have been so happy with you, I could not bear to have you go away in anger. Dear, dear Harry, you know we all love you."

"You said the same to Oneida not a week ago; you cannot love us both."

"Yes, but he is different; I love him like my father—like Hannah—not as I love you, Harry!"

"I have been here too long already, Maria; do not be surprised if you do not see me to-morrow; some of these days, perhaps. Maria, I dare not speak of the future," said he, desperately, as he drew her towards him, and imprinted one kiss on her burning forehead, then snatching up his rifle he left the house.

John Morris and Oneida had just returned from dragging the body of the panther to the woods when they met Harry.

"Pardon me, my young friend," said Morris, in his usual quiet manner, "I was hasty just now; but you know not what feelings were raging in my breast just then, not towards you, however. Will you listen to me for a few minutes?"

"I do not think any private reasons should be an excuse for treating me as you have done, Mr. Morris. Led to your house by accident, I only repeated my visits at your express invitation; nor have I at any time deserved such insult at your hands."

"Stop, Harry! it was not meant as an insult. If you will only have patience I will explain why it is that gun must not be used. I have kept it for twenty years as an instrument of revenge against my deadliest enemy, and have sworn it shall never be discharged but at his heart. Not if all the wild beasts of the forest should attack me would I use it, for I have made a vow, and when John Morris makes a vow he will execute it, even though his life should be the sacrifice;" and he stamped his foot on the ground, shaking his fists in the air, as if he saw his enemy before him.

Harry shrunk back at this manifestation of passion, and would have left him, but Morris seized hold of him and forced him to sit down on a log beside him.

"I am calm, again, now," he continued, "let me reveal to you a part of my history. About twenty years ago, I loved a beautiful and accomplished girl. She was all in all to me. My whole soul was enchained by her. Although before I knew her I loved money, cards, horses, and all the pleasures that fast young men indulge in, when I found that I loved her, everything else seemed to be a delusion. I was young, strong and energetic. I determined to win her for myself, independent of everything. The opinion of friends and relations was nothing to me. I verily believe I would have shot my own father if he had opposed my will. But then I knew that all women were mercenary, so I went to my father and humbly begged of him to give me then what he intended I should have when he was dead, saying that I did not wish to spend it as the Prodigal Son did in riotous living, but to enable me to marry and settle down independently, assuring him that I had now sown all my wild oats, and for the future should be a careful husbandman. This I fully intended to do. After securing the woman I loved, it matters not *how*, for I would have done it if I was obliged to w

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, June 11, 1862.

OUR RECENT VICTORIES.

Our readers cannot have failed to notice, and in fact the circumstance has become the subject of general remark, that our recent victories have been very differently heralded to the public from the results of previous struggles. Until lately every success has been a "Glorious Victory," forming the subject of striking capitals, with notes of admiration, &c., &c. This had become so much a matter of course that any success which was not so headed became at once suspicious; a victory expressed in ordinary type failed to impress the mind with a proper sense of exultation; the very characters seemed meaningless, and our conquests, instead of being welcomed with an exultant glow, required an exercise of reason to convince ourselves that they really were conquests.

We see it stated in the correspondence of a New York cotemporary, that this change has struck the army, as well as the public, and it is without hesitation ascribed to influences at work in the department at Washington through which all this news passes. For example, the battle at Hanover Court House, or more properly, at Huntingdon, attracted scarcely more attention than some of the unimportant skirmishes in other departments have done, and yet it appears now to have been an important contest disastrous to the enemy, and costing them in killed, wounded and missing, at least 1200 men, of whom 700 remain in our hands. Our men before entering into the fight had all gone through long marches, of from 16 to 21 miles. They conducted themselves perfectly well, and the result was most creditable.

Unfortunately, this whole mattter turns upon the question of slavery, that apple of discord bequeathed to us by the English, and which has already cost us such fearful suffering. That portion of the Republican party which rejects the gradual emancipation with partial compensation policy of the President, and labors for immediate and unconditional liberation, seem actually to prefer defeat if it lead to the destruction of slavery than victory without it. Wendell Philipps expressed this idea at the outset of the war, when in one of his speeches he deprecated too early a success, as tending to close the war without the destruction of slavery. That slavery must cease to exist as a political power, nine out of ten men at the North, and perhaps a majority in the border States, believe to be a necessary condition to future peace, and this view prevails very largely even amongst those who opposed the election of Mr. Lincoln. The gradual extinction of slavery can be accomplished by Constitutional means, with any degree of slowness or of rapidity which may be necessary. But when we find the extreme radical clique dissatisfied with any success achieved under the leadership of a man who is not an immediate emancipationist, when we find one journal proclaim that the late battle of Richmond was a "reverse," we see at once that the wish is father to the thought.

No calmly reflecting man can desire that the administration should with a wave of the wand throw four millions of negroes upon their own resources. It is true that war has produced a change in public opinion at the North, which a thousand Abolition journals could not have brought about in a thousand years, and we have no more striking proof of this than is afforded by the tone of our religious bodies on the subject. The people have learned to detest slavery, not only for itself, but for its fruits, for its corrupting effects upon the society which it contaminates, for the ignorance which it fosters, and for its ability to degrade the race which seeks to profit by it. They know and feel that this war is to be its death-blow, but they keep their best sympathies for the brave men who are fighting for their country, who have left wives, parents and children, happy homes and comfort, to strike for their country. They give their hearty admiration to the strategy of McClellan, which has for its end to avoid the sacrifice of every life which can be spared. They detest the spirit of those who call Yorktown a disaster, because it *was* bloodless, and Richmond a reverse because it *was not*, and who can recognize no success unless it be attained by a Fremont or a Hunter. Amongst the defenders of the Union, loyal men recognize no party and no section, and welcome a victory, whether gained by Fremont at Middleport, or by McClellan at Williamsburg, by Western men at Fort Donaldson, or at Island Ten, or by Eastern men at Williamsburg, or at New Orleans.

So far as we can judge, the effect of the present war upon slavery is to be something like the following: It will raise up a strong emancipation party in the border States. These States cannot but see in Mr. Lincoln their best friend. Standing between them and the ultraists of his own party, he guarantees to them all their constitutional rights, but he points at the same time to the signs of the times, which they cannot but see, and which they cannot if they would disregard. If they are wise they will listen and heed. In the gulf States slavery will continue to exist for some time, but its political power will be gone. Its sacredness is gone. Hereafter the question of slavery must be discussed in the slave States as freely as any other question anywhere.

Suppose a Southerner comes to Philadelphia and chooses to deliver a discourse inveighing against our militia system, he would be left to himself and might perorate to the empty benches as long as he desired. So it must be everywhere, North and South, the freest discussion on all topics. Let those who do not like the sentiments expressed, stay away. The absurd pretence that abolition harangues tended to promote slave insurrections has been disposed of for ever. It is pretty clear that the slaves have no stomach for insurrection, and at Port Royal, when arms and uniforms and pay were offered them, they fled to the interior, back to slavery, so to speak, sooner than enlist. Evidently, the objection to free speech on slavery at the South has been the fear of its effects, not on the *blacks*, but on the *whites*. The slaveholders dread to let the light of common sense in upon the poor whites, and strive to stifle all discussion which would explain to these what they are, and what they might be.

Let the United States make school instruction national; let some rays of intelligence be made to penetrate the Cimmerian darkness which exists in our Southern country, a darkness in which will-of-the-wisp-like DeBow and his tribe pass for solar luminaries, and let the inhabitants be brought into some relation with the world and the nineteenth century. This, coupled with the fearful lessons of the war, may teach them common sense, and give peace and stability to our Union.

OUR VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

The military enthusiasm of the loyal States seems to become greater, the greater the apparent need for its services. Nothing could show the martial spirit of the people of the North in a stronger light, than the late response to the War Department's call for additional troops, and nothing could afford stronger proof of the real strength and security of the loyal States. After raising seven hundred thousand men within the year, it is now easier than ever, at a moment's notice, to raise fresh men for any supposed emergency. As for three months' men, the supply so far exceeds all possible demand, that the order for accepting them had almost instantly to be countermanded. From every part of the entire North, offers of troops have been so unprecedentedly numerous, that the waking up when Washington was threatened a year and a month ago, though occasioning of course a far more anxious and agonizing feeling, hardly produced anything like the response and ready efficient action. Every city and town throughout the North and Northwest has showed how easily seven hundred thousand men could be recruited to a million, and not only so, but doubled or made a million and a half if needful for any pressing emergency. The young men of every College and University, from old Harvard, in Massachusetts, downwards, have showed a readiness to step into the ranks at a moment's warning, and it is impossible for any man who reads the papers not to perceive that the entire North is one vast *reserve force* of volunteers, ready to rise and secure the success of the work undertaken.

What hope, then, can the leaders of rebellion delude themselves with that they will ever be successful in carrying out their wicked designs? Poor as they are, and daily becoming poorer, both from the support of their army, their reverses, and their insane destruction of property, they are daily becoming less and less capable of successfully resisting the successful troops of the government. They are growing weaker in numbers, their money is rapidly depreciating, and sickness is decimating their ranks, their armies are in a constant retreat, and their cities are falling into our hands. Each turn of the wheel brings up some more desperate expedient, so that in Alabama, the Governor, Shorter, has formally called out the entire male population, and yet is unable to molest our cause in north Alabama, or even retain possession of Pensacola, so near his southern border. We have a daily increasing supply of everything requisite for a great, completely successful campaign, while all the resources of the rebels are each moment giving way. Everything fails them except their hopes of a final success and their intense hatred of the government.

THE STORAGE OF PETROLEUM.—The Common Council of Brooklyn, New York, have adopted an ordinance prohibiting the storage within the city limits of any crude petroleum or earth oil, except twenty barrels in an open shed for the purpose of manufacture, one hundred feet from any other building and two hundred from a dock. The rectified oil, in case of containing benzine or naptha sufficient to ignite at 100 deg. Fahrenheit, is also forbidden, under the pain of fine and imprisonment. The Fire Wardens are instructed to enforce the ordinance. The Board of Aldermen of New York have also an ordinance before them prohibiting the storage of petroleum and other explosive oils in exposed places in the city.

THE TELEGRAPH IN WAR.

A year ago, when Gen. McDowell was preparing for the advance upon Richmond, we alluded to the uses to which the magnetic telegraph could be put in carrying on the war successfully, and especially in connection with balloon reconnoissances, which give so wide a scope to observation, and enable a commander to survey the whole field of battle. From a position which thus overlooks the field of operations, a communicating wire to the ground below will, through an intelligent agent working above, give him all the movements of the enemy, much more surely and perfectly than any observation upon a level with the field of operations. Though the telegraph and the balloon have been made serviceable instruments separately, yet it seems that the scientific mind of McClellan is first to appreciate the advantages of combining them both, and for the first time in war they have been employed by him—during the progress of the battle in front of Richmond—to obtain an accurate and instantaneous knowledge of every movement of the rebel army. Gen. McClellan's mind is a practical one, and his natural common sense has been admirably trained in that direction, by his thorough military education and his business pursuits as a civil engineer upon one of our most extensive lines of railroad. No better schools than these can be found to make a man thoroughly acquainted with physical forces, to understand perfectly their laws and their practical uses, to give him broad, comprehensive views by which to plan, and an accurate knowledge of detail by which to execute successfully. It is this character of mind and knowledge which makes him so ready for emergencies, so apt, so suggestive, so prompt, so sure in his work.

A practical military mind would naturally see the important uses to which the telegraph may be put for supplying information not easily accessible by other means, in a comparatively wild country filled with a watchful enemy, ready to capture scouts and spies; and much of McClellan's success on Sunday is to be attributed to the knowledge thus gained. A balloon, with a telegraph wire attached, mounted into the air two thousand feet, and a regular telegraphic communication from that elevated position is kept up with the commanding General. Every movement of the rebels is telegraphed, the location of the troops, their number, how disposed, the distances between the columns, to what point moving, and at which they are the most closely concentrated. The nature of the ground can also be learned, whether favorable to the operations of artillery, infantry or cavalry, or all combined. What impediments are in the way, what earthworks to be encountered, what streams to be passed, and whether crossed by bridges or defended by batteries. Such knowledge as this at the commencement of a battle is like having the enemy's plans mapped out before the commanding General, and acquainting him precisely how the enemy intends to fight, with what force, and at what points his real assaults will be made. With this information any enterprising General, with much less force than his enemy, supposing all other things to be equal, could effectually beat him in battle, for he knows exactly the disposition to make of his own troops, where to meet the shock of heavy forces by concentrating greater numbers, and where to penetrate the weak places of his adversary, so as to outflank him and derange his arrangements of battle.

A sweep of a powerful glass will take in the whole view from a balloon of a battle field, and a few minutes of time will communicate, by the aid of the telegraph, the facts to the commanding general. His adversary, without this agent, will require a dozen aids and many precious minutes of time, to obtain as exact knowledge of the position and intentions of the army he is about to engage, and will be altogether at the mercy of the general, who can move with such celerity and certainty, and who can at any moment force an assault at any advantageous point, or be prepared to meet one intended to be unexpected, and therefore decisive. The advantages arising from the use of the telegraph from balloons stationed in the air over battle fields, are so great that they will hereafter be indispensable to the battle field for both sides, and some day the singular sight may be witnessed of a combat in the air to destroy the advantage to one of them. A rifle, in the hands of a sharpshooter, might put an end to telegraphic communication from these aerial stations, by popping over the operator or perforating the balloon, so that it would no longer sustain itself in the air.

THE REBEL PLAN OF FIGHTING.

It is remarkable that in most of the general engagements which the rebels have had with our troops, the same general plan of operations has been adopted. No matter how pressed they may have been or how surrounded, they have been the attacking party, and the attack failing, their future efforts seem paralyzed, and surrender or retreat follows. When assailed at Donelson, instead of waiting to defend their position, they became the assailants, left their entrenchments, and attempted to cut their way through, to be driven back again to their stronghold. Having failed, Donelson was surrendered. At Pittsburg Landing they tried the same plan, attacked Grant furiously, and having been foiled, they merely held their position till they were ready to retreat, which they did as soon as Halleck advanced. At Yorktown they made a show of defence but had no opportunity to fall upon McClellan, and so fled to Richmond. Then at Richmond they have tried the same tactics, attended with the same result—a repulse; and now we hear of their having fallen back to the city. It is evident that the fiery material of the Southern temperament delights in bold dashes and daring enterprises, and requires such stimulants to keep its courage actively alive. It has not the steady endurance, the indomitable perseverance, the confidence of assured success finally, which makes the Northern soldier so strong even under reverses. Hence the Southern Generals have to avail themselves of this peculiarity in their troops, for they well know that if the dash and spirit infused by an assault do not inspire them to victory, they stand no chance at all when it comes to steady fighting and exchanging blow for blow. The rebels succeed therefore best in making a fierce onslaught, with superior numbers, upon the Union troops. Their first attacks are surprises, if possible, but always in greater strength than the body they assault. It takes time to warm the blood of the cooler Northern soldier, and though he may give way before such onslaughts at first, yet his courage rises with his danger, and his energy with the desperation of his situation. His resolution grows more stubborn, his anger more fierce, his will more absolute, and the longer the contest the more certain is he of victory, for the qualities he possesses are the steadfast ones which never desert him. We see this strikingly displayed in all the actions which have recently occurred. The first dash of the rebels has been fierce enough, but failing in that, their courage relaxed its efforts, and then they fought for safety and not for victory. Defeated, they dispersed and retreated. But the Northern soldier under his reverses gathers up his strength for the contest again and advances upon his enemy; and so he keeps steadily gaining on him until at last he will overpower and destroy him.

HALLECK'S OPERATIONS.

The despatches from Gen. Halleck in relation to the rebel evacuation of Corinth prove that the rebel retreat must greatly cripple Beauregard's future operations with the Southwestern army, if it does not demoralize it altogether. The severe losses in property are not to be easily regained. All the rebel tents, hundreds of barrels of beef, and seven thousand stand of small arms captured in the deserted camps, the destruction of twenty-six car loads of supplies, with ten thousand stand of arms, artillery, clothing, stores, and two thousand prisoners, must damage him greatly, and the mischief must be equivalent to a defeat in battle. It seems to be uncertain yet to what place Beauregard has retreated, but with such a crippled and demoralized army, it must be a long time before he can be ready to stand before Halleck. In the mean time, that capable officer is following closely, and will soon know all about the intentions of his friend Beauregard. We have heard a great deal of the military superiority of the rebel generals, but, so far, their reputation rests more upon what they have not than upon what they have done. Compared with the best of the rebel generals, our own appear to be fully their equals, and, if success is the measure of merit, they certainly show themselves to be superior. Beauregard, with every opportunity to measure swords with Halleck, declines the contest—yet his force cannot be much inferior in numbers, and his men have proved that they possess courage. His timidity, or his irresolution, are inexplicable, if he means to fight at all. The Richmond Dispatch said the other day that more damage was done to the rebel army in the retreat from Yorktown than it had received in any battle. If so, Beauregard's retreat must be disastrous to the integrity of his army.

MAKING EUROPE "HOWL."—The Charleston Mercury, commenting on the fall of New Orleans, advises the people of Louisiana to burn all their cotton. It says:

"Let Europe howl at the waste the barbarity of the North will have brought upon the country. The United States Government has promised renewed trade to the world so soon as our ports are opened. If we are true to ourselves, there will be no trade, and the countless millions of foreign products will be without purchasers. How long will they remain idle spectators of such a scene?"

If the advice of the Mercury is taken, the dismal music to which Europe is invited will be likely to find an echo in Louisiana. This burning one's own property to spite other people is an operation which does more mischief to its inventor than to any one else.

THE GROWING CROPS.—The Carlisle, Columbia County Volunteer, says:—From every section of the county we have the most gratifying account of the growing crops. Everything looks promising, and the prospect is that the toil of the husbandman will be abundantly rewarded. Grass, wheat, corn, fruit, indeed everything is in a state of forwardness which promises well.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MERRIMAC.

One of the unfortunate peculiarities of the present civil war is, that the rebels contrive to take away a large share of the glory to us of each conquest over them, by behaving so miserably when their circumstances become discouraging, that the world will never believe how much generalship and hard fighting it took to reduce them to the point of giving way. At Manassas and at Yorktown as soon as the enemy had given us all the trouble and annoyance of getting ready to fight, they ran away in a manner so disgraceful to themselves and so demoralizing, that it is difficult to believe how formidable they really were, and how watchful for each advantage up to a certain point. At Winchester they showed an eagle's eye for keenness in detecting every weak spot where a combination could be successfully made. So too at Pittsburg Landing, Beauregard's plans and fighting were excellent. But at Corinth as at Yorktown, when pressed by a really well handled force, there is none of the dogged obstinacy of defence that distinguished the Russians in the siege of Sebastopol.

The first appearance of the Merrimac in her iron skin, was truly formidable, and gave the world an impression of strength and naval power, which, followed up by corresponding action, would have long retarded the overthrow of the rebel cause in Virginia. But the end of that most powerful weapon of rebellion was so little commensurate with its early promise, that after giving us all the trouble of putting out our full strength to overcome it, the despairing and suicidal act of the commanding officer in destroying their iron ship, without doing what he so easily might have done, is the most astonishing part of her history.

The official account of the destruction of this vessel proves that, in a bad cause, it matters not how impregnable the outside may appear, or how well fortified with iron and with brass, there will always be enough of feeble and treacherous hearts within, to render outside protection unavailing. We had expected to learn of some leak in the vessel, which would have rendered it absolute madness for her to go half a mile further from shore lest the waves should open some seam, and sink the whole concern in deep water. But no. Commodore Tatnall tells us in effect, that the pilots did not like to fight, and told him most notorious lies, and pretends either that he believed them, though having charts in his hands to show that the whole was a pretext, or else that he thought it best to to pretend to believe them, lest the pilots should prove treacherous, or the men surrender.

The only thing certain is, that either he or some of his men, or the whole of them, were so unwilling to do any more fighting for the rebel cause that they blew the vessel up after thus obeying the most positive, reasonable and important instructions. No complaint or pretence is made of any real weakness or difficulty on the part of the vessel, and for all else surely the commander was responsible. Where precisely lay the most of cowardice and treachery, whether in the crew or captain, it may be hard to settle, but the fact is manifest that rebels cannot fight like true men—that no strength of iron will render formidable in the final crisis the hearts of the masses of those engaged in so wicked a cause as this. So long as prosperity shines on them, they may be brave enough, but a captain and crew of three hundred cannot be selected and put on board the most precious and strong defence the rebels can construct but what the mutual distrust and threatened treachery will cause the commander to blow it all to pieces in the hour of danger. In this respect, the destruction of the Merrimac becomes a sure type of the destruction of the whole rebel cause in eastern Virginia and throughout the entire South. It will be by a series of explosions from *within* that at all critical moments this rebellion will destroy itself and all its seeming power in the Southern States. The leaders will be incapacitated by cowardice and treachery; and mutual distrust will scatter all the elements of coherence and force in the conspiracy that has seemed so formidable. "Conscience makes cowards of us all."

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

In the *Senate*, on TUESDAY, a bill to provide for raising the property of the United States, which is sunk in the waters thereof, was passed. The bill from the House, to punish polygamy in the Territories, and disapproving and annulling certain acts of the Territory of Utah, was passed with only two dissenting votes—Messrs. Latham and McDougal, of California. The bill prescribing an additional oath for Grand and Petit Jurors was debated until 1 o'clock, when the Tax bill was taken up again. It was considered until 7¼ o'clock, when the Senate adjourned without coming to a vote. In the *House*, a memorial asking that Western Virginia be admitted into the Union as a free and independent State, was presented. Mr. John B. Stiles appeared and took his seat as a Representative from Pennsylvania, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Cooper. Consideration of the Senate bill for the recognition of Hayti and Liberia was resumed. Messrs. Kelley and McKnight, of Pennsylvania, Thomas and Gooch, of Massachusetts, and Fessenden, of Maine, favored the bill, and Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, opposed it.

In the *Senate*, on FRIDAY, the following resolutions were offered: A resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to inform the Senate how much of the $22,762 paid to the Marshals of the District of Columbia for the year ending June 30th was for personal service, and how much on other accounts; and to furnish the details of the accounts. Resolution requesting the Secretary of War to inform the Senate whether Major General Hunter has been authorized by the Department to muster a regiment of negroes or persons of African descent into the service of the United States; whether a Colonel and other officers have been appointed, and whether these negroes have been clothed and armed at the expense of the United States. Resolution requesting the President to cancel the letter of the Secretary of War to Hon. Edward Stanly, Military Governor of North Carolina. Resolution that the letter assuming to create any person Military Governor of a State is contrary to the Constitution and laws, destructive to civil authority, and contrary to the spirit of all our institutions. The Tax bill was then taken up and passed by a vote of 37 yeas to 1 nay.

In the *House*, no public business of importance was done. It adjourned till Monday. The President has nominated ministers to Hayti, Spain and Venezuela.

Highly Important from Mexico.

KEY WEST, May 30, 1862.—The U. S. Frigate Potomac has just arrived from Vera Cruz, Mexico, bringing the important information of *the complete discomfiture of the French forces*, on the line of the Mexican route to the city, and their repulse and hasty retreat to Vera Cruz.

No particulars have been received of the engagements, a heavy gale of wind continuing all day, preventing communication with the frigate here. Enough is known, however, to assure you that the French Forces have been obliged to take their wings, and the entire army have countermarched and are now directing their course towards the sea coast, retreating rapidly, with great loss, before a victorious and superior force.

The Potomac while entering the harbor unfortunately grounded on a shoal abreast of Fort Taylor, and remained hard and fast for some hours. By dint of hard work, casting out anchors and heavy hawsing she was rescued from her perilous position, she now lies safely at her anchor in the inner harbor. The Potomac has touched for supplies, and will soon return to her station.

THE DAMAGE BY THE FLOOD.

THE DAMAGE ON THE DELAWARE, LEHIGH AND SCHUYLKILL REGIONS—DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY AND LOSS OF LIFE.

The ruins of the last few days has produced a destructive flood over nearly all the eastern and middle portions of the State. The consequence has been a considerable amount of injury to the canals, railroads and coal mines of the State, and other property. The accounts which first come are usually much exaggerated, and it is impossible, at this stage of the flood, to say what the extent of the destruction may be. Bridges have been swept away and houses carried off, but the loss of life and property is probably much less than the first telegraph despatches represent. We have made inquiries at sources likely to have early knowledge of the extent of the damage and the report is as follows:—

The Damage in the Lehigh Region—Loss of Property—Several Lives Lost.—The freshet in the Lehigh river, in the vicinity of Mauch Chunk, is said to be one of the great-st ever witnessed, and more destructive than the great freshet in 1841. The largest sufferers are the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. Communication with Mauch Chunk, both by railroad and telegraph, has been cut off with this city for two days past, in consequence of the flood, but yesterday an agent of the Lehigh Company arrived in this city from Mauch Chunk, having left that place on Thursday morning, and reaching Bethlehem in time to take the cars of the North Pennsylvania Railroad yesterday morning. The agent brought a letter from the Company's Superintendent, dated on the 6th inst., which contains the following information. The rain began to fall at six o'clock, A M., on the 3d inst, and continued till two o'clock of the morning of the 5th. The water was at the highest point on the morning of the 4th inst., when the second floor or parlor of the Mansion House, at Mauch Chunk, was covered with water sixteen inches deep.

The guard bank at Packer's dam gave way, causing a swell of five feet in the pool of the dam at Mauch Chunk, and by this mishap the Company's stables, all the houses in the Northern Liberties of the town (except the soap factory), the sluices (except pockets at shute No. 1), Company's store-houses at the lumber plain and on the wharf, one of the stables for the Mansion House, several buildings on Susquehanna street, both Turbine water-wheels, half of the lock at Packer's dam, a portion of the guard lock, and about three-fourths of the canal from the guard lock to way lock, were swept away. A quantity of lumber belonging to the Company was floated off, and it is reported that many houses at Weissport and at Burlington, about two miles below Mauch Chunk, were swept off. There has been loss of life among the boatmen and inmates of the houses, but to what extent is not known. The loss of canal boats is supposed to be about 50. The gas-works and road along the Narrows, below the town, appear, from the view obtained, to have been swept away. The iron railroad bridge at the Turnhole, Mansion House bridges, the one at the foot of Race Narrows, and Lashighton, are swept away, as well as nearly all the bridges across the Lehigh.

The dams at Mauch Chunk are not, it is supposed, much injured; neither are the mines, a report to that effect having been received from the mine agent, only one slope, that at No. 9, having been filled up. The furnaces along the line of the canal have, as far as is known, escaped any serious damage. The extent of damage to the canal works cannot yet be ascertained, in consequence of the state of the water, but it is supposed that at least four weeks will be required to repair damages. The company will feel this delay very sensibly, as the demand for coal at the time of the freshet was equal to the capacity of the works. The latest information received yesterday states that the water was falling rapidly.

In the business portion of the city the Delaware did not overflow the wharves. But little damage was done. A few small craft were torn from their moorings, and carried away by the immense amount of timber which floated down the river. The ferry boats were impeded in their progress during the night. About thirty miles below the city several bodies were seen floating along, with barrels of oil and flour.

The track of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, between Burlington and Trenton, was at various points inundated, and drift wood thrown across the rails. After 2 o'clock, on Thursday afternoon, up to the same time yesterday, the trains did not proceed beyond Burlington.

[From the Trenton, N. J. True American, 6th.]

Tremendous Freshet in the Delaware.

EASTON AND THE LEHIGH VALLEY INUNDATED —THE ABBERTVILLE BRIDGE CARRIED AWAY—THE BELVIDERE AND DELAWARE RAILROAD SUBMERGED—LOSS OF LIFE AND DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

The Delaware river yesterday rose to a height of seventeen feet above high water mark. From all that we could gather, and from the scanty amount of materials located down, we are led to believe that a considerable amount of property has been destroyed and washed away, and much damage done further up the river.

The Lehigh and Delaware Canals and the Lehigh Valley Railroad were submerged, and on the New Jersey side, the Belvidere and Delaware Railroad was submerged at several points. Portions of the latter road, about a mile and a half this side of Lambertville, and near Phillipsburg, were carried away, thus interrupting travel. The cars that went up yesterday were compelled to return. We have as yet no intelligence from Phillipsburg.

In this city, the cellars of dwellings and manufactories along the river were submerged, and the mills were compelled to suspend operations. Fair street, south of the Delaware Bridge, was inundated, the water flowing around to and surrounding McLea's hotel, at the foot of Ferry street. Further down we noticed a house standing isolated from the shore—the rushing water having made a gap between it and the main land. The Assanpink creek rose to great height, and the houses on the low ground between the Green and Warren street bridges were inundated—the water reaching to the alley at the back of the houses on the next street. During the day a number of horses, mules, cows and pigs, uprooted trees, board and rafts, and a vast quantity of lumber, floated down the river. Among the articles brought down was noticed the remains of a house, pieces of furniture, and barrels of flour and other provisions, and other evidences of the wreck caused by the flood above us.

The greater portion of the material that floated down the river, however, was carried by the current to the Morrisville shore, where it settled in immense quantities. There were logs that had not yet passed through the saw mill, planks, scantling, scantling, shingles, immense bundles of laths, all tied up ready for use; and amidst this mass of stuff were to be seen men, women and boys busily engaged, knee deep and waist deep, gathering and conveying all that they could to the shore, where it was piled up in heaps to be removed at leisure. A very large quantity of lumber, amounting, in the aggregate, to considerable value, was thus secured, and the loss to the owners must have been very great. An immense loss must have also been sustained by rafts owners.

We learn that a telegraph despatch was received here last evening, stating that the Lambertville Bridge had been carried away. The cars which left here yesterday afternoon for Bordentown were compelled to return, portions of the track between here and that city having been submerged and rendered impassable.

The Freshet in the Schuylkill Valley.

PORT CLINTON, June 5, 1862.

The rain which commenced in the mountains on Wednesday morning, and prevailed with great force all over the country, did an immense amount of damage in the coal region and all along the line of the Schuylkill. At St. Clair, which occupies a flat on the Mill Creek, below a gap of the Mine Hill, several houses and bridges were swept away, and, as I learn, also several persons were drowned. The debris, especially the coal dirt around the mines, is so great, that the shipping docks of the canal at Port Carbon, as well as the upper levels of the canal, are filled up, and will present an impediment to the shipment of coal for many days.

Several railway bridges on the Mine Hill Railway, between Minersville and Cressona, are also swept away. Two or three bridges of the Reading Railway, between Port Clinton and Schuylkill Haven, have been injured and carried off—but as this Company has always on hand the material, ready joined for repairing such damage, and for constructing new ones, no impediment will occur to their business after six o'clock, to-night. This is truly extraordinary, but such are nevertheless the resources of the Reading Railroad. A bridge is scarcely removed by flood or fire, before another one is thrown across the chasm. This is due to the engineering skill of J. Dutton Steele, who contrived a plan some years ago by which the material of wooden bridges could be held in reserve, so placed upon sidings that, in emergency, cars could be run underneath, and in five minutes trains despatched with the bridge all complete, to supersede such as might have been destroyed. The plan is a novel one, and a few years since, the Ministers of their Majesties, the Emperors of the French and of Russia, accompanied by Mr. Seward and General Cameron, paid the Reading Railroad a special visit, principally to discover the engineering discipline which controlled it, and especially that feature relating to the instantaneous duplication of its bridges.

The Pottsville Journal says: The freshet has caused frightful destruction of property in this region, and will suspend the coal trade, partially, for a period extending from one to three weeks. It was the most destructive freshet ever experienced in this region. Nearly all the collieries below the water level are drowned out, and in some instances filled up entirely. Many, however, that are not destroyed, will be ready for operations by the time the repairs on the lateral railroads are completed for business. We do not suppose there are half a dozen collieries in the whole region, below water level, that are not "drowned out" with water, and will, therefore, only notice such as have received more serious injury. At C. Garretson's Middle Creek Colliery, the pump fixtures were broken, and "the lift" was lost, and three mules in the mines were drowned. At Joseph Taylor's Mowry Colliery, a set seam broke into the slope and filled up the mines, and drowned two mules. We understand the colliery is completely filled with water. In J. C. Oliver's Colliery, near Hecksherville, an unusual quantity of water accumulated, in consequence of the water rain falling in. We have since learned that this colliery is filled with water. At Spencer's Colliery, near Minersville, we learn that two mules were drowned. George S. Reppler's Mammoth Colliery, at the Broad Mountain, has been materially damaged and a large quantity of water from the creek has flowed in.

A few collieries, located on the roads not much damaged, will be able to supply a small portion of coal next week, but the supply will be limited for three weeks to come.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad was considerably damaged on this side of the mountain, which will take about a week to repair. We have no information from the Wilkesbarre and Lackawanna coal regions, nor from the Delaware and Hudson Canal.

The Freshet at Easton.

EASTON, PA., June 6.—Noon.—The water in the Delaware and Lehigh is falling rapidly, and has receded about twelve feet. It is still too high, however, to enable anything like an accurate estimate of the damage to the canals and railroads to be made.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad is said to be very badly torn up. The Belvidere Delaware Railroad will be repaired in a day or two. The Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad will be in running order in about a week. A part of the basin of the Delaware Canal here has been washed out, and two breaks are reported in the first levee. The lower gates of the outlet lock are gone.

The damage at Glendon is very great. The furnaces are all chilled; the drift wood, lumber, &c., piled up upon the flats. A raft of lumber, having upon it sofas, chairs, and every variety of furniture, is lodged upon the island at Bethlehem.

EASTON, June 6—Evening.—Reports from Manch Chunk and its vicinity represent the damage in that region to the canal and railroad and to private property, and the destruction of life as greatly exceeding the worst anticipations. The canal is represented as washed away for three miles from Manch Chunk, and four dams demolished.

The water was three feet deep on the first floors of the dwellings at the highest points upon Susquehanna street.

The post-office, express office and telegraph office, were inundated. The Mansion House dining-room, on the first floor, had two feet of water on it.

The destruction of property at Bethlehem was great, and a number of lives were lost.

Ten persons were taken from the Island on which they had drifted and were found clinging to the trees. One of the number was dead.

Several persons, residents of South Bethlehem, are missing, and it is feared were drowned.

All the Islands on the river are covered with valuable lumber and timber.

The Belvidere and Delaware railroad resumed operations to-day. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western is now open to Delaware Water Gap, and the Lehigh Valley road will be in operation to Allentown to-morrow, making the connection from New York to Harrisburg. The balance of the road will be repaired in ten days.

FRESHET IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Yesterday morning the Susquehanna had commenced to rise rapidly, as the rain of at least one inch fell, while the rain continued without intermission. By last night it had risen to the height of fifteen feet above low water mark. Drift-wood, fence rails, lumber, &c., were scattered from shore to shore—affording employment to the persons who were on the alert. The power of the current being so great and increasing, it was considered hazardous. Quite a number of drowned cattle floated down the river, and we doubt not that the destruction of property along the small streams will prove very great, as may also that of human lives. A friend informed us that the Juniata had risen at such a rate that many of the inhabitants along the river were obliged to flee for their lives, without attempting to save any of their property. Miles of fencing were swept away, and the fields of grain, heading up beautifully for the harvest, have been completely ruined. The damage to the Pennsylvania canal has been considerable, the embankments in some places being entirely washed away. The loss will be heavy every where.

ANOTHER NAVAL FIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI

CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION OF SEVEN REBEL GUNBOATS AND RAMS.

MEMPHIS IN OUR POSSESSION.

FORTS PILLOW AND RANDOLPH EVACUATED.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COM. DAVIS—THE REBEL FLEET DESTROYED.

WASHINGTON, June 8—The following despatch was received at the Navy Department to-day:

U. S. STEAMER BENTON, OFF MEMPHIS, June 6.

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

Sir—I arrived here last evening, at 9 o'clock, accompanied by the mortar fleet, under Capt. Maynadier, and the mortar steam storeships, &c., and anchored a mile and a half above the city.

This morning I discovered the rebel fleet, which had been reinforced, and now consisted of eight rams and gunboats, lying at the levee. The engagement which commenced at 5.30. A. M., and ended at 7 o'clock, terminated in a running fight.

I was ably supported by the ram fleet, under command of Col. Ellet, who was conspicuous for his gallantry, and is seriously but not dangerously wounded. The result of the action was the capture or destruction of seven vessels of the rebel fleet, as follows:—The General Beauregard was blown up and burned; the General Sterling Price had one wheel carried away; the Jeff. Thompson was set on fire by a shell and burned, and her magazine also blown up; the Sumpter was badly cut up by shot, but will be repaired; a little rebel steamer had her boiler exploded by shot, and was otherwise injured, but she will be repaired. Besides this one of the rebel boats was sunk, in the beginning of the action; her name is not known.

A boat supposed to be the Van Dorn, escaped from the flotilla, by her superior speed. Two rams are in pursuit of her. The officers and crews of the rebel boats endeavored to take to the shore.

Many of their wounded and prisoners are now in our hands. The Mayor surrendered the city to me after the engagement. Col. Fitch came down at eleven o'clock, and has taken military possession of the town.

[Signed] C. H. DAVIS, Flag Officer.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The following message in relation to the action of the Rams in the naval engagement off Memphis, was received at the War Department this evening:

OPPOSITE MEMPHIS, June 6th, via CAIRO, June 8th, 1862.

To the Hon. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War:—The rebel gunboats stood early this morning opposite Memphis, and opened a vigorous fire upon our gunboats, which they returned with equal spirit.

I ordered the Queen, my flag ship, to pass between the gunboats, and run down ahead of them, upon the two rams of the enemy, which first boldly stood their ground. Lieut. Col. Ellet, in the Monarch, of which Capt. Doyden is first master, followed gallantly. The rebel rams endeavored to back down stream, and then to turn and run, but the movement was fatal to them. The Queen struck one of them fairly, and for a few minutes was fast to the wreck. After separating, the rebel steamer sunk.

My steamer the Queen was then herself struck by another rebel steamer, and disabled, but, though damaged, can be saved. A pistol-shot wound in the leg deprived me of the power to witness the remainder of the fight.

The Monarch also passed ahead of our gunboats, and went vigorously into action. She first struck the rebel boat that struck my flag ship, and sunk that rebel. She was then struck by one of the rebel rams, but not injured. She then pushed on and struck the Beauregard and burst open her side. Simultaneously the Beauregard was struck in the boiler by a shot from one of our gunboats.

The Monarch then pushed at the gun boat Little Rebel, the rebel flag ship, and having little head way pushed her before her, the rebel Commodore and crew escaping.

The Monarch then finding the Beauregard sinking, took her in tow until she sunk in shoal water. Subsequently, with the consent of Col. Davis, Lieut. Col. Ellet despatched the Monarch and the Switzland in pursuit of one of the remaining rams and some transports which had escaped.

The gunboats and two of my rams have gone below.

I cannot too much praise the conduct of the pilots and engineers and military guard of the Monarch and Queen, the brave conduct of Capt. Dryden, or the heroic bearing of Lieut. Col. Ellet. I will name all the parties to you in a special report.

I am myself, the only person in my fleet who was disabled. CHARLES ELLET, JR.,

Colonel commanding Ram Fleet.

The Killed, Wounded and Missing at the Battle of Fair Oaks.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—The following statement of the loss in the battle of Fair Oaks has been received at the War Department:

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

Statement of the killed, wounded and missing on the 31st of May and 1st of June, 1862, in front of Richmond:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Gen. Sumner's 2d Corps,	183	894	146
Gen. Hentzelman's 3d Corps,	259	980	155
Genl. Keyes' 4th Corps,	448	1753	921
Total,	890	3627	1222

Grand total of killed, wounded and missing, 5739.

A nominal list will be forwarded as soon as the data can be received.

[Signed] G. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding.

From Gen. Shields' Division—Jackson's Rebel Forces Dispersed—Only 5000 Remaining.

FRONT ROYAL, June 8.—News from General Shields' Division states that a scouting party crossed the river at Columbian bridge and went to New Market, but found that Jackson had retreated through there two

ARMY AND NAVY.

☞ NAVAL AFFAIRS.—The steamer Blenville, Capt. Mullany, arrived from Port Royal early on Saturday morning, bringing three prize schooners, captured in an attempt to run into Charleston harbor. The schooners are the Providence, La Criolla and Rebecca.

A letter, received in this city from Boston, announces that the U. S. steamer Rhode Island will sail from that port, on Wednesday next, for the Gulf, with a load of ordnance stores. The Rhode Island sailed from this port last, and it is believed that on her return from the Gulf, she will again come to Philadelphia.

The new gunboats to be built are to be double-bowed and side-wheeled, with a rudder at each end; the draft, when loaded, not to exceed six feet. The speed is not to be less than thirteen miles in smooth water when loaded. The bulwarks are to be rifle-proof and of plate iron. These vessels are to be armed with a pivot gun at each end, weighing six thousand pounds each, and four 24-pounder howitzers. They are to be completed within four months of the date of contract, ready for officers and crew.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, June 11, 1862.

TERMS

Of Subscription to the Dollar Newspaper, PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to the getter up of the Club	15 00
Club of Thirty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	25 00
Club of Fifty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	40 00
Club of Eighty, and one to the getter up of the Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to the getter up of the Club	75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at Twenty-five Cents a line, each insertion.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME," is very respectfully declined.

"RETRIBUTION, OR I TOLD HER SO," a well intended little story, is hardly as perfect as we desire.

"MY LOVERS THREE," we will try to make room for.

"WHERE ARE THE SOLDIERS TO-NIGHT?" is the title of a little effusion abounding in tender and beautiful sentiments, but evidently from one unpracticed in writing for the press. It lacks in roundness and finish—the defects being more mechanical than mental. Time and practice will make much more perfect.

THE BREAKING UP AT CORINTH.

The flight of Beauregard from Corinth, after his address to his troops to make that place memorable in history, so that the boast of their children should be "my father fought at Corinth," is a striking proof of the desperate condition to which rebellion has been reduced by its recent reverses. Corinth was Beauregard's chosen citadel, the key to the new line of the cotton State defences. For the purpose of securing this, he withdrew General Bragg from Pensacola, he left New Orleans to be captured by our forces, he allowed Mobile to tremble, as the whole forces of Alabama were drawn from her southern ports to secure her northern borders, and now the entire fabric has given way. The Mississippi may be considered abandoned, Memphis, Vicksburg, Memphis—not even Fort Wright can make any successful defence, and the grand army of the Mississippi has retired to different places, but perhaps mainly to a railroad station unknown, the meanest town of Mississippi, Okolona,—retired into swamps inaccessible to civilized men, and known only in their intricacies to the runaway negroes, with whom the rebels seem now to be changing places very rapidly. That a large army can long be supported there would seem impossible. Those not scattered by the panic of the present flight and its utter demoralization, will have to be disbanded or move to some point nearer to a large city. Were it the boating season, Aberdeen and Columbus, both flourishing towns on the Tombigbee river, might furnish supplies for the army of Beauregard. But at this season, and for the next five months, the rivers will be so low that no boats can bring them up supplies to Okolona so far as that is understood to be their present stopping-place.

To have compelled such a retreat as this is as decisive as a grand battle and victory for Halleck, and renders the cause of the rebellion in the Southwest more hopeless. Besides, a battle renders men desperate and determined and a defeat may be accidental, but to make men run away, renders them ashamed of themselves except so far as they can turn round and vent the blame upon their leaders. There need be no doubt that both of these effects will follow rapidly and largely from the flight of the rebels on this occasion. It is not necessary, not possible, that we should follow after them so quickly as they can run "by rail." We can cut off the ends of their lines and leave them to perish in the wilderness, or disperse or surrender when we have time to reach and capture them.

Aberdeen, which lies only five miles west of Okolona, though now a flourishing town of three or four thousand people during the cotton season, is an unhealthy place in summer. Fevers abound, and some years are so deadly as to be almost certainly fatal to travellers. An army like that of Beauregard's, demoralized and depressed, ill-fed, and ill-clothed and protected from the sun and rain, will be half of them on the sick list in less than two months. And yet it is probable that this place has been selected, because of the difficulty of running away by the multitudes who are now desirous of abandoning a hopeless cause.

It was in the heart of Mississippi that, a year and a half ago, General Mitchell was near being hung by a mob on one of these railroad lines, and as a General he first cut the line of the rebels' communication at Huntsville, and this has ended in shutting up the rebels in their own swamps.

ENLARGEMENT OF STATE CANALS.

The New York scheme for procuring the enlargement of the State Canals, and of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, at the expense of the whole Union, has passed to a new stage of development. A report from the committee has been presented to the House—an extremely weak ornament, filled with sonorous phrases, and covered with a thin varnish of plausibility. Much stress is laid upon the advantage of procuring the passage of the Mississippi craft into the lakes, while the fact is studiously ignored that these vessels would be perfectly useless, and unable to support the rough weather of the lakes, which require an altogether different build of boat. It is, moreover, declared that, by these constructions, our Northern States would be rendered perfectly safe from domestic rebellion and foreign invasion. This is large promising. Has it ever occurred to these strategists that canals are closed and useless during five months of the year, and that it would be infinitely safer to have the required vessels on the spot and ready? That the expense of the construction of a fleet of two dozen Monitors, expressly for the lakes, would come to out one-tenth as much as the improvements? And that the construction of these improvements would be wholly additional, and would not save the building of a single gunboat, because, in case of war with England, our *Atlantic front will be in no condition to spare its gunboats to be sent through the canal to the lakes?* The last consideration, which is of the utmost importance, has been wholly overlooked, and we should risk nothing in saying that the people of New York would be precisely those who would be most clamorous for retaining the gunboats for the defence of the seacoast.

An insignificant fraction of the cost of widening these canals would stock the lakes with a fleet of its own, without depending upon loans from the coast. Ericsson has stated that the canals are large enough already to pass effective cupola boats; but, as the views of the New Yorkers are purely commercial and speculative, it is convenient to misrepresent the military aspect of the matter, and to cut down the asserted cost to a figure, deceives no one.

BEAUREGARD AND HIS ARMY.

Gen. Beauregard and his army have disappeared for nearly a week and no certain tidings are yet received of his whereabouts. Some sanguine people think that he has disbanded his army and retired from the field of war. Others have a wild idea that he has gone to Richmond to help Johnston, but as Johnston gives indications of retreat also from Richmond, Beauregard could not better himself by taking that direction. It is possible that the "greatest general of the age" may yet turn up in some interior place, but certainly not in near as good a condition for fight as he was at Corinth. His retreat from that position was virtually the worst defeat which could happen to him, for it is a plain confession that he is not equal to keeping the field before Halleck. One month ago, the flying General told his troops that the impending battle at Corinth was to decide the fate of rebellion, and he called upon them to make it an illustrious page in their history, to which their "children should point with noble pride, saying our fathers were at Corinth." Four weeks after that boast, Beauregard was flying from before Halleck, having evacuated Corinth without a fight, and lost the opportunity forever of inscribing upon history the heroism of their deeds. Such a finale to so glorious a promise is enough to sicken the most obdurate rebel.

THE EVACUATION OF FORT WRIGHT.—Fort Wright has been evacuated by the rebels, and is now occupied by Union troops. The Union flotilla has gone down to Memphis, having passed Fort Randolph. Memphis cannot hold out now that Beauregard's army has run away from Halleck. We may, therefore, take for granted that the Mississippi by this time is open to navigation from the Gulf to its head waters. With this river open, the Southwest is as good as reclaimed from rebellion, for the heart of it is penetrated, and our gunboats can keep the river from ever being obstructed again.

THE REBELS DISBANDING.

The telegraph despatches confirm all our anticipations of the breaking up at Corinth by the retreat of Beauregard. That retreat has been as damaging as the worst defeat, for it has totally demoralized his army, shows Beauregard the utter hopelessness of the cause he is fighting for, and in despair he calls upon his army to disband and save themselves the best way they can. This is virtually the end of rebellion. It is no matter what battles are fought before Richmond, the disbanding of the south-western army, which the immense number of prisoners and deserters taken by Halleck would confirm as a fact, is a death-blow to rebellion, and all the slaughter of troops now incurred by desperate and stubborn leaders of rebellion, is only so much murder to add to their other crimes. Possibly McClellan, at Richmond, will have to give the finishing blow, to hurry up the settlement, but if the rebels stand there, it will be only so much blood spilt as a sacrifice to their pride. Their fate is sealed, they know the fact, and no energy arising from despair can now avert it.

Carried away by their impulses, and the delusion and threats of their leaders, the people of the cotton States rushed into rebellion under a mistaken idea of the Northern character. They were told that our people were too much immersed in money-making to go to war, and were not equal in courage or military skill to the South. They would be ready to compromise the difficulty, and the cotton States would be stronger than ever; or if not, European intervention would be such a check upon the Northern States that the South would be able to carry out their ambitious schemes, and ruin a republic which they had begun to hate, because the principle of political equality on which it is founded is inimical to the social structure upon which their political power is based.

One year of war has dispelled nearly all the delusions with which the rebellion commenced. The enthusiastic devotion of the people of the North to the Government of their choice, their military spirit, the skill of their Generals, and the resources that industry had provided, have been too much for the rebel power. The rebels have been whipped, their pride has been humbled, their country has been exhausted, till now, in very despair, the people, impressed to war against the Government which has always protected them, refuse any longer to fight, and the strange spectacle is exhibited of a great army of one hundred thousand men voluntarily falling to pieces in utter hopelessness. The rebellion began in madness and passion, it ends in disgrace and ruin.

CAPTURE OF MEMPHIS.

Memphis, one of the "Gibralters of the West," has fallen into the hands of the United States forces, not without resistance, however, for the rebel rams and gunboats thought it a good opportunity to try a contest with Capt. Davis' flotilla, consisting of the same kind of boats. The brief despatch from Capt. Davis gives us nothing but the result, but that shows that there has been a desperate naval fight, and that the rebel flotilla was sunk and burned, with the exception of one vessel only, which ran away. Capt. Davis' flotilla had recently been reinforced by a number of steam rams, so that he stood, in that respect, equal to his antagonist, who could no longer repeat the game at Fort Wright of running into and sinking the Union gunboats. The engagement on Saturday last commenced at five o'clock in the morning and lasted two hours. The shot and shell of the Union fleet appear to have done the most mischief, for we hear of the Jeff Davis and Beauregard being blown up, the Sumter badly cut up, another's boiler exploded by shot, one had her wheel carried away and and another was sunk. The injuries to the last two probably were inflicted by rams. After this decisive engagement the Mayor surrendered the city, and Col. Fitch is now in military command. Many of the rebel wounded, with other prisoners, were taken. Capt. Davis seems to be a worthy successor of Com. Foote. He has fought the action gallantly, and defeated a force, between which and his own probably there was no great disparity.

THE BAYONET.—Military men always attach more importance to the bayonet than they do to the bullet, and an army which can be brought to rely upon the bayonet is considered the best disciplined and most efficient troops. The troops of McClellan appear to come nearer to this state of efficiency than any other of our forces. On Sunday the victory over the rebels in front of Richmond was won by the bayonet charges. They stood the bullets and the shells bravely, but the bayonet charges scattered them like chaff. It is stated that in one of these bayonet charges one hundred and seventy-three of the rebels were killed—an amount of destruction which shows the terrible nature of the weapon when wielded in determined hands. The gallant commander, in his recent orders to his army, may well say to his men, "keep well together, throw away no shots, but aim carefully and low, and, above all things, rely upon the bayonet."

AMUSEMENTS.

The summer season has opened at the *Walnut* Street Theatre with an entire new company, including Mr. Lewis Baker, Mr. A'Becket, Mr. J. M. Ward, Mrs. Thayer, Miss Perry and others. Miss Julia Daly is the first star.

Mrs. John Drew continues as manageress and lessee of the *Arch* Street Theatre and Chanfrau is in the second week of his engagement. In his peculiar line he has few superiors, and draws good houses.

The Eleventh Street Opera House, under the management of Carncross and Dixey, is doing a flourishing business. The company numbers in it some very excellent singers.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler concluded a series of readings in this city on Saturday afternoon. Her audiences were more entirely of the intelligent and refined than we have ever before seen drawn together in this city.

We see it stated in the Boston Post that Mr. J. P. Price of that city will be the manager next season of the Walnut Street Theatre in this city. We presume stage manager is meant, as it is understood Mrs. Garretson will continue the lesseeship of the house.

Nixon's Cremorne Gardens and Midsummer Entertainments, is the name of a new place of amusement opened by the indefatigable Nixon at New York. It is devoted to opera, ballet, pantomime and equestrian performances, and all who know anything of Nixon, know that whatever is undertaken by him in these several departments is presented to the public in a shape to deserve success. It is at the corner of Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street, and the price of admission to the whole is only twenty-five cents. No person visiting New York during the summer will fail to look in upon this unique establishment.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

☞ The unconditional release of rebel surgeons, now our prisoners, is to be ordered.

☞ Mrs. Wm. Dean, residing near Falls Village, was killed by lightning last Tuesday night, while sleeping in her chamber.

☞ Col. Kenley visited Secretary Stanton yesterday in reference to effecting an exchange for those of his regiment who are prisoners.

☞ A camp of instruction is proposed to be established near Annapolis, under the superintendence of Gen. Wool.

☞ Prentice says two great geographical discoveries are yet to be made—the source of the Niger and "the last ditch."

☞ At the battle of Waterloo alone, the loss on the side of the victors, in killed and wounded, was nearly four thousand more than our entire loss thus far in the present war.

☞ The Seceshers at Charleston, S. C., are working hard to complete their iron gunboat that is to be irresistible. When it is done we will take it and put it to respectable service.

☞ It is reported that the wife of the rebel General Lee will not be released until the rebels fulfil their agreement to give up Colonel Corcoran.

☞ Thurlow Weed breakfasted with John Taylor in London recently, and was assured that before the close of the present year the world would know who wrote Junius' letters.

☞ The principal Hotels in Saratoga will be open for the reception of guests on the 15th of next month. It is stated that numerous orders for rooms have already been received.

☞ An officer on Gen. McClellan's staff announces the capture of the wife and two daughters of the rebel Gen. Lee, near Old Church, south of Hanover Court House.

☞ The bridal attire for the Princess Alice, of England, is very nearly completed. The lace has been preparing in skilful hands for over sixteen months, and the design was chosen by the late Prince Consort.

☞ Three men in a skiff were carried over Niagara Falls last Sunday. After battling desperately against the strong current, they sat motionless in the boat, resigned to the terrible fate that overtook them. Their names were not ascertained.

☞ The Atlanta Confederacy proposes, and the Petersburg Express endorses heartily, "that Beauregard, Secretary Randolph, or Jeff. Davis issue an order, that for every lady in New Orleans who is maltreated under Butler's order, ten Lincoln prisoners be put to death."

☞ There were 232 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 122 were adults and 124 were children. There were 41 from consumption of the lungs; 4 from diphtheria; 5 from diarrhœa; 3 from disease of the brain; 13 from debility; 6 from scarlet fever; 17 from inflammation of the lungs; 11 from marasmus; 4 from old age, and 4 from small-pox.

☞ At the battle of Shiloh it is estimated there were discharged on the Confederate side 1,000,000 balls from small arms. The official report of the Federal loss in killed and wounded is 13,000. Allowing that the true number was much greater, say 20,000, still it leaves 980,000 shots thrown away—that is, the rebels succeeded one time out of fifty shots in doing some execution.

☞ The beauties of the Valley traversed by the North Pennsylvania Railroad, every Philadelphian knows or has heard of, and among all the towns that nestle in its bosom, none excel Bethlehem for salubrity and beauty. The hotels are first class houses, provided with every convenience that can administer to the comfort of lodgers therein, and those who make them temporary homes will only regret they cannot enjoy them as permanent ones.

☞ In the discussion in the U. S. Senate, on Wednesday, upon the tax on cotton, Senator Wilson expatiated upon the burden of the impost upon New England, while the great Northwest would feel very little of it. Mr. Chandler retorted that the Senator from Massachusetts knew nothing about the Northwest and never would. Mr. Wilson replied that he would not have been surprised at such an aspersion if it had been made at a later hour in the day. When questioned by Mr. Chandler as to what he meant by his remark, he refused to explain. Senators were afterwards engaged in trying to reconcile the difficulty between these Senators.

FROM EUROPE.

By the Persia which arrived at New York on Thursday, we have three days later from Europe. The anxiety relative to news from America was daily becoming more and more intense among the commercial classes of England, and false rumors were in constant circulation. In regard to the capture of the British steamer Bermuda by one of our blockaders, Mr. Layard declared in the House of Commons, on the 23d ult., that the case had been referred to the Law Officers of the Crown. The case of the Emily St. Pierre was being discussed in the Liverpool papers, and there was evidently little disposition to give her up. The London Times thinks the details of the capture of New Orleans put the surrender of the city in a light more favorable to the defenders. A similar tone is assumed by that portion of the Paris Press under Secession influence; though the importance of the National victories at New Orleans and Yorktown were generally fully recognized. The Common Council of London resolved to present Mr. Peabody with the freedom of the City. An interesting discussion on the experiments at Shoeburyness, brought out declarations from several members of Parliament to the effect that the great Armstrong Gun is practically a failure. The Continental news, with the exception of the revelations of French designs in Mexico, is not of marked importance. It is stated that Gen. Prim will be authorized to return to Mexico as Spanish Ambassador. The sales of cotton for the week, in the Liverpool market, had been 33,880 bales, at a general decline. Breadstuffs and Provisions were dull. The latest quotations for Consols is 93¼@93¾. American Securities had a better tone.

Later from Europe—The Steamer North American Off Cape Race.

CAPE RACE, June 7.—The steamer North American, from Liverpool, on the 27th, via Queenstown on the 28th, bound for Quebec, passed off this point at noon to-day, and was boarded by the Press yacht.

The Defence Commission, appointed by the British Government, to inquire into the relative efficiency of iron-plated ships and fortifications, have made a report, in which they unanimously come to the conclusion that the latter must continue to form an essential feature in the defence of the country.

The London Daily News defends General Butler's course at New Orleans.

Notice had been given in the British House of Commons of a motion of inquiry into the relations existing between England and the United States Government and the Confederates.

The Grand Duke Constantine has been appointed Viceroy of Poland.

The Daily News defends the course adopted by Gen. Butler at New Orleans against the attacks made on it. The News says there is nothing whatever in the terms of Gen. Butler's proclamation to explain the wrath or justify the malignant criticisms of rowdy sentimentalists. It contains provisions usual and necessary in such cases, and nothing more. The talk of coercion and tyranny is utterly absurd.

In another article the Daily News reviews with satisfaction what has been done towards emancipation, and speculates upon what is to come. It looks upon the mean whine of the South as the greatest difficulty.

Paris Journals state that the Count of Montebello has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the French army in Rome.

COMMERCIAL.—LIVERPOOL, May 30.—Cotton.—The Brokers' Circular reports the sales of the week at 49,000 bales. The market has been irregular and dull, and quotations were in the early part of the week barely maintained, but closed with an advance of ⅛d. on American, and ⅛d. on Surat. Speculators took 11,000, and exporters 4000 bales. The sales to-day (Friday) are estimated at 10,000 bales, including 5000 bales to speculators and exporters, closing buoyant at the following quotations:

	Fair.	Middling.
New Orleans	14	12¾
Mobiles	13¾	12¾
Uplands	13	12¼

BREADSTUFFS have an upward tendency. Flour is firm at 6d. advance. Corn is quiet but steady at 6d. advance.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, June 9, 1862.

The Board of Aldermen, at their next meeting, it is understood, will vote an appropriation for the celebration of the 4th of July. Some of the members will vote for the money, but recommend that, instead of spending it on fireworks and lemonade, it be devoted to such families of our volunteers as may be in need of assistance.

The prize schooner Lucy C. Holmes, captured by the gunboat Santiago de Cuba, off Charleston, on the 27th ult., has arrived at this port, on her way to Boston. She has a cargo of 170 bales of cotton, and at the time of her capture was bound for Nassau.

The number of immigrants arrived at this port from Europe during the week ending Saturday, was 2978—making a total of 20,684 from 1st of January to date, against 34,084, corresponding season last year.

According to the Breadstuffs circulars prepared for the Scotia, to-day, the aggregate export clearances, from this port during the past fortnight, have been as follows: Great Britain and Ireland, 53,397 bbls. flour, 540,115 bushels wheat, 209,746 bushels corn, 6,466 bushels peas. To France, 65,852 bushels wheat. To the Continents, 6,000 bbls. flour, 10,463 bushels wheat, 970 bushels corn, 71,536 bushels rye. To New Orleans, 4,837 bbls. flour.

The storm of Wednesday and Thursday has done a great deal of damage to the fruit trees in the country round about. The peach crop will be largely curtailed in consequence. The strawberries have likewise suffered severely, though a few warm days in succession will bring them all right. Much anxiety exists as to the freshets in the interior. On the coast, too, the gale must have been very severe, though up to this time no disasters are reported.

A woman, with an infant in her arms, jumped off the Jersey City ferry boat Olden, last week. An effort was made to save them, but in vain. The woman was respectably dressed, and was observed to weep bitterly before taking the fatal plunge. No clue to her identity has yet been discovered.

Another steamer with a mail from New Orleans is daily looked for. When it arrives we are likely to have something like a correct idea of public feeling there, in the anticipated responses to the many private letters which were sent out by the Connecticut, from merchants and others, here. Meanwhile, as if never doubting that the opportunities for profitable trade are to be abundant, shippers are busy making up cargoes of assorted goods suitable for the Louisana market. As food is the first consideration, however, several cargoes of breadstuffs have already been despatched, and others are preparing to follow. The shipment of flour, alone, last week, amounted to between 4000 and 5000 barrels.

Our colored brethren of this city have resolved to celebrate in grand style, at an early day, the recognition by this Government of the Independence of Liberia and Hayti, and to that end, several of the more influential of their number were in consultation this afternoon. Invitations will be extended to their friends in Philadelphia, Boston and other cities. There was no agreement as to the time when the celebration should come off, but the general inclination was to fix on the 4th of July. This point will be settled when the Committee meet again, next week.

The number of deaths in Brooklyn last week were 70, of whom 37 were males, and 33 females. The "City of Churches" is unusually healthy for this season of the year.

There is nothing to say of financial affairs, the same plethora of supply and paucity of opportunities for eligible investments, which have been the features of the market for months, continuing without variation. Inactivity is the most striking characteristic of the "street" to-day. Call loans are quoted at 3a5 per cent.; first-class commercial paper, 4a5. Prime business paper is still very scarce.

The following were the closing prices at 4½ P. M. Off'd. Ask'd.

U.S.6s,'81, cp	103	103¼	Gal & Chi	71½	—
U.S.6s,'81, cp	106½	106¾	Clev & Tol	46½	—
Treas N 73-10	105¾	106	Rock Isl R	64¾	64½
Tenn St 6s	—	—	Panama R.	132	—
Pacific Mail	117	—	Harlem R.	15	15
N Y Cent	92¾	93	Harlem Pref.	36	—
Erie	38¾	38¾	Reading	57	58
Erie Pref.	66¼	—	Mich. S. N I	27¾	—
Huds River	47¼	47½	Mich. guar.	48¾	—
Illinois Cent	65½	—	U S D notes	101¾	102

COTTON is in fair demand, and prices are unchanged; some sales of middling Uplands are reported sold at previous prices.

FLOUR.—The market for Western and State Flour is unchanged; we hear of sales of 47,000 bbls. at $4 25 a $4 40 for superfine State and Western, $4 50 a 4 65 for extra State, $ 470 a 4 80 for the low grades of Western Extra and $5 05 a 5 20 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. Southern Flour continues in fair demand; 2000 bbls. changed hands at $5 a 5 75 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $6a $7 for the better kinds. The market for Rye Flour is firmer; 370 bbls. were sold at $2 75 a $4. Corn Meal is without any material change; 150 bbls. changed hands at $2 85 a 2 90 for Jersey, and $3 05 a 3 15 for Brandywine.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat is more active; 140,000 bus. are reported sold at 95a103c. for Chicago Spring, 93a104c. for Milwaukie Club, 111a114c. for red Western, and 125a129c. for white Western. Rye Flour is steady; with sales of 300 bus. at 69a70c. The market for Oats is less active; some sales are reported at 42a45c. for Western and State. The market for Corn is dull and heavy. 120,000 bus. changed owners at 47a51c. for new mixed, and 52a54c. for Western yeal.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is dull and heavy; 600 bbls. were sold at $9 a 9 62c. for prime, and $11 a 11 50 for mess. The beef market is less active; 150 bbls. were sold at previous prices. Lard is selling at 7¾ a 8¼c. Butter and Cheese are steady, and prices are unchanged.

WHISKY continues in moderate demand; sales are reported at Saturday's quotations.

NEWS RECEIVED BY TELEGRAPH ON MONDAY.

Thirty-Seventh Congress—First Session.

WASHINGTON, June 9.

SENATE.—Mr. Sumner (Mass.) offered a memorial from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church and the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, speaking of slavery as the cause of the rebellion, and asking Congress to pass the Emancipation measures.

Mr. Wilson (Mass.) introduced a bill to provide for an increase of medical officers in the volunteer service.

On motion of Mr. Grimes (Iowa), the joint resolution relating to the Penitentiary of the District of Columbia was taken up.

Mr. Wilson (Mass.) moved to amend by providing that the volunteer soldiers confined in the Penitentiary of the District of Columbia, under sentence imposed by court martial, be forthwith discharged, and such imprisonment shall not hereafter be allowed.

Mr. Grimes said he had a list of soldiers sent to the penitentiary. There were ninety six cases, of which forty-eight were for insubordination or some trivial offence, nineteen for desertion, three for neglect of duty, seven for violating the fifty-fourth article of war, which punished soldiers for treading on the grass, &c., six for mutiny, consisting of a refusal to go forward in the face of the enemy without weapons, two for assault and battery, one for forgery, three for larceny, and the others for most trivial offences; only four out of the whole were confined there for offences which were considered criminal by the civil code. Yet these men were sent there for from six months to five years.

Mr. Harris (New York) hoped the resolution would pass. He had just returned from the penitentiary, where he found respectable citizens from his own State confined for the merest offence. It was time this thing should be stopped.

The amendment and resolution were adopted.

At one o'clock the Senate resolved itself into a High Court of Impeachment on the trial of West H. Humphreys.

The Sergeant at Arms made proclamation, calling on West H. Humphreys to appear and answer to the charge made against him.

No answer being made, Mr. Bingham, on the part of the managers for the House, moved that further proceedings in this case of impeachment be postponed till Thursday, the 26th day of June, 1862. Agreed to by the Court, Yeas, 35; Nays, 4—Messrs. Collamer, Hale, Howard, and Lane (Ind.).

The bill from the House to prohibit slavery in territories was taken up on motion of Mr. Wade.

The bill was passed. Yeas—Messrs. Anthony, Browning, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Cowan, Dixon, Fessenden, Foote, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Harris, Howard, Howe, King, Lane (Ind.), Pomeroy, Rice, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, Wilmot, and Wilson (Mass.)—28.

Nays—Messrs. Carlisle, Davis, Kennedy, Latham, McDougall, Nesmith, Powell, Saulsbury, Stark, and Wright—10.

On motion of Mr. Latham (Cal.) the Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up and ordered to be printed, with amendments, and postponed till to-morrow.

On motion of Mr. Davis (Ky.) the bill prescribing an additional oath for the Grand and Petit Jurors, was taken up.

Mr. Carlile thought the passage of such a bill now as of very doubtful expediency, and moved to postpone it till the first Monday in December. Rejected.

After further discussion, the bill was passed. Yeas 30, nays 5.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, the Senate went into executive session, after which it adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Bernhisel (delegate from Utah) presented the Constitution of Utah, together with a memorial asking for admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original States. Referred to the Committee on Territories.

The Tax Bill, with sundry amendments, was returned from the Senate. It was ordered to be printed and referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Mr. Wickliffe offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of War to inform the House whether General Hunter has organized and equipped a regiment of blacks in South Carolina, &c. Adopted.

Mr. Vallandigham (Ohio) offered a resolution setting forth that this House has heard with sincere satisfaction of the evacuation of Corinth and the occupation of it by our army, without loss of life, and tendering the thanks of this House to Major General Halleck, and other brave men under him, for this signal achievement; and moreover, that, in common with the whole country, this House would rejoice to see the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was, maintained and restored everywhere, without any further effusion of fraternal blood.

Mr. Vallandigham demanded the previous question on the adoption of this resolution.

Mr. Blake (Ohio) moved to refer the resolution to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. McKnight (Pa.) made a similar motion.

The Speaker decided that the motion was out of order.

Only thirty-five members having voted to sustain the previous question upon the adoption of the resolution.

Mr. Vallandigham said that, as the House refused to adopt the resolution without hesitation, he would withdraw the demand for the previous question, and leave the resolution open to debate.

Whereupon, under the rule, the subject went over.

Mr. Cox (Ohio) offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the President be requested, if in his opinion it is not incompatible with the public interest, to submit to the House whatever information he possesses concerning the relations existing between this country and foreign Powers.

Mr. Cox said that, in offering this resolution, he was following a precedent which, by the advices received in the last steamer, has been set in the English Parliament, calling for all communications between the English Government and the Federal and Confederate Governments. While he could confidently assure the House that the most friendly understanding existed between us and the European Powers, yet the correspondence called for would, he thought, disclose the fact that, upon every reason growing out of international courtesy, the time had come for the European Governments to revoke their recognition of the insurgents as to a belligerent power." Whatever our opinion might be as to the time during which the war would continue, there was one thing now sure—the culminating point had been reached, the insurgents had failed to maintain themselves before the world, and, with the use of civil compulsion for the restoration of the Federal authority was assured. The fact is being recognized abroad. Its consequences ought to be the abrogation of the belligerent rights granted to the rebellion.

The resolution was adopted.

Mr. Ancona (Pa.) offered a resolution authorizing and directing the Secretary of War to release, on their taking the oath of allegiance, all persons taken prisoners in the service of the so-called Confederate States, if they can make a satisfactory exhibit of impressment. Referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Nixon (N. J.) offered a resolution that, in the judgment of the House, the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy should instruct all of his officers commanding Districts in the rebel States, to issue a proclamation that the Army of the Republic will be subsisted as far as practicable, upon the property of all those in rebellion, and those who give aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States. Adopted. Yeas, 83; nays, 39.

Mr. Colfax (Ind.) offered a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to report a bill modifying the Fugitive Slave law, so as to require a jury trial in all cases where the person claimed denies under oath that he is a slave, and to inquire any other amendment under the said act to prove that he has been loyal to the Government during the present rebellion.

Mr. Wickliffe moved to table the resolution. Disagreed to by 42 majority.

The resolution was then passed. Yeas 77, nays 43.

The House passed the Senate bill to protect those Indians who have adopted habits of civilized life, in lands which have been set apart to them in the several Territories. Adjourned.

From Washington.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—The Senate to-day confirmed the following appointments by the President:—Commander Amasa Paine to be a Captain; Lieutenant Charles Hunter, a Commander on the retired list, and Lieut. William Reynolds, a Commander on the reserved list of the Navy. These appointments are in accordance with the Act of 1857, for promotion for efficiency in that branch of the public service.

The Senate has also confirmed Lieut. Francis Winslar as Commander, and the following as Chief Engineers in the Navy:—Wm. H. Cushman, Wm H. Rutherford, and John S. Albert. Daniel W. Wainwright, of New York, and Bartlett Clook, of Kentucky, both as Brigade Surgeons; Col. Wm. W. Morris, of the Second Regiment of Artillery, as Brigadier General by Breve', in the regular service, for meritorious conduct; Capt. W. E. Prince, of the First Infantry, to be First Major of the Third Infantry.

The following were confirmed as Brigadier Generals of Volunteers:—Col. Julius White, of Illinois; Stephen G. Barbridge, of Kentucky; Col. Adolph Von Steinwehr, of the 29th New York Regiment; Capt. Chas. Griffin, of the 5th Regiment of Artillery; Col. Peter J. Osterhaus, of the 12th Missouri Volunteers; Col. George W. Jordan, of Massachusetts, and Col. J. M. Tuttle, of the 2d Iowa Regiment.

A MILITARY MOVEMENT—A CAMP OF INSTRUCTION FOR 50,000 TROOPS.

General order No. 59, which has just been issued, reads as follows:

"A camp of instructions for 50,000 men, cavalry, artillery, and infantry in due proportions, will be immediately formed near Annapolis, Md.

"Major Gen. Wool, U. S. A., will command the camp in addition to his duties as Department Commander. The ground will be selected, and the troops, which will be assembled as rapidly as possible under orders from the War Department, will be placed in position as they arrive.

Brig. Genl. L. R. Graham is assigned to duty as Chief of Cavalry at the camp; Brevet Brig. Genl. Harvey Brown as Chief of Artillery, according to his brevet. A chief of the Infantry arm will hereafter be designated.

The Chief of Ordnance, the Quartermaster General, Commissary General, Surgeon General and Paymaster General will each designate experienced Regular Officers as the Chief of their respective departments at the camp. These officers will be subject to the orders of General Wool, and, under his supervision will, without delay, establish hospitals and depots for all the supplies necessary for the healthand efficiency of the troops at points where issues may be conveniently made.

The long experience of the veteran officer assigned to command the camp, will dictate the most efficient details for brigading, equipping, drilling and disciplining the reserved corps d'armee, to be thus formed under him.

Chiefs of the different staffs and bureaus are hereby directed to aid him, by promptly meeting his reasonable requisitions for material of war.

By order of the Secretary of War.

The Latest from Gen. McClellan's Army.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, June 9, 1862.

A contraband who left Richmond this morning, arrived here to-day. He says that no reinforcements had been received by the enemy, nor were there any signs of an evacuation.

A Captain and a Lieutenant, and two privates belonging to Gen Burns' brigade, were killed yesterday, and fifteen were wounded, while establishing an advanced picket line. The new position was held.

Gen. Prim and staff occupied the day in reviewing the reserve batteries and Gen. Porter's division; they also visited our outposts and had a view of the enemy.

The Pursuit of Jackson.

GEN. FREMONT AT HARRISONBURG—SEVERE FIGHTING—THE ENEMY DRIVEN FROM THE TOWN—OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—The following despatch was received at the War Department to-day by telegraph, from Front Royal:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE MOUNTAIN DEP'T, } ARMY IN THE FIELD, HARRISONBURG, June 7. }

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.—The army reached this place at two o'clock, driving out the enemy's rear from the town.

Severe skirmishing continued from that time until dark, the enemy's rear being closely pursued by our advance.

The 1st New Jersey Cavalry, after driving the enemy through the village, fell into an ambuscade in the woods to the southeast of the town, in which Col. Wyndham, of that regiment was captured, and considerable loss sustained.

Col. Chesseret, with his brigade, subsequently engaged the enemy in the timber, driving him from his position and taking his camp.

At about 8 o'clock, a battalion of Col. Kane's Pennsylvania Regiment entered the woods, under the direct on of Brigadier Gen. Bayard, and maintained for half an hour a vigorous attack, in which both sides suffered severely, driving the enemy before them.

The enemy attempted to shell our troops, but a few shots from one of our batteries soon silenced his guns.

After dark, the enemy continued his retreat. Full particulars will be forwarded by mail.

[Signed] J. C. FREMONT, Major General.

The Retreat of Beauregard.

HE LEAVES POVERTY AND DESOLATION IN HIS TRACK.

LOUISVILLE, June 9.—The following despatch has been received from Gen'l Halleck's head-quarters:

The U. S. forces now occupy Baldwin, Guntown, Jackson and Bolivar.

The railroad repairs are progressing rapidly. The enemy passed Guntown last night, retreating southward from Baldwin. It is estimated that there have been 20,000 deserters from the rebel army since it left Corinth. These deserters are mostly from the Tennessee, Kentucky and Arkansas regiments. All the regiments from those States passed down closely guarded on both sides by the Mississippi and Alabama troops.

It is believed by the country people that Beauregard can't enter Columbus with half of the rebels he brought away from Corinth. The whole country east and north of Baldwin is full of armed soldiers returning from Tennessee and Kentucky.

Gen. Pope telegraphs from the advance that the prisoners who first desired to be exchanged, now want to take the oath.

The enemy drove and carried off everything for miles around. All the wealthiest families are destitute and starving, and the women and children are crying for food—the males their protectors, having been forced into the army.

A RAINY DAY IN CAMP.

[FROM THE ECLECTIC]

It's a cheerless, lonesome evening
When the soaking, sodden ground,
Will not echo to the foot-fall
Of the Sentinel's dull round.

God's blue star-spangled banner
To-night is not unfurl'd—
Surely He has not deserted
This weary, warring world:

I peer into the darkness,
And the crowding fancies come,
The night wind blowing northward
Carries all my heart toward home—

For I 'listed in this army
Not exactly to my mind!
But my country called for helpers,
And I couldn't stay behind.

So, I've had a sight of drilling
And have roughed it many ways,
And Death has nearly had me—
Yet I think the service pays.

It's a blessed sort of feeling,
Whether you live or die,
You helped your country in her need,
And fought right loyally!

But I can't help wishing sometimes,
When a wet day's leisure comes,
And I hear the old home voices,
Talking louder than the drums;

And the far familiar faces
Peep in, at the tent-door—
And the little children's footsteps
Go pit-pat on the floor;

I can't help thinking *somehow*
Of all the Parson reads,
About *that other* soldier life
Which every true man leads!

And wife, soft hearted creature,
Seems a saying in my ear,
"I'd rather see you in *those* ranks,
Than to see you Brigadier!"

I call myself a brave one,
But in my heart I lie!
For my country and *her* honor
I am fiercely free to die;

But when the Lord who bought me
Asks for my service here
To "fight the good fight faithfully,"
I'm skulking in the rear!

And yet, I know *this* Captain
All love and care to be;
He would never get impatient
With a raw recruit like me.

And I know He'd not forget me
When the Peace appears,
I should share with Him the victory
Of all his volunteers.

And it's kind of cheerful thinking,
Beside the dull tent fire,
About that big promotion,
When he says, "Come up higher!"

And though it's dismal rainy—
Even now, with thoughts of *Him*,
Camp-life looks extra cheery,
And Death a deal less grim—

For I seem to see Him waiting
Where a gathered heaven greets
A great victorious army,
Surging up the golden streets;

And I hear Him read the roll call,
And my heart is all aflame,
When the dear Recording Angel
Writes down my happy name.

But my fire is dead, white ashes,
And the tent is chilling cold—
And I'm *playing win the battle*
When *I've never been enroll'd!*

THE FARMER.

[☞ We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FRUIT TREES.

Fruit trees are subject to more ills and plagues than ever infested the inhabitants and vegetation of old Egypt. Insects of every kind seem to entertain the belief that the productions of the industrious arborist are common property, on which they have a perfect right to spend their powers of destructiveness. But, with proper care, trees may be preserved against the ravages of these destructive pests. The best and most effectual remedy is to peel the bark entirely from the body and roots of the tree. This operation must be attended to at a particular time, and in a very careful, skillful manner. The season for peeling trees being past, we shall make it the subject of a future article, when we can give our own experience with more certainty. Our trees may be exceedingly thrifty and yet produce fruit of an inferior quality. The best remedy in this case is grafting, or budding. The grafting season being past, we shall give a few simple directions for budding.

SEASON.—August is considered the best, but we would prefer the first of July, or even the latter part of June. During the whole of this season the flow of *cambium* from the leaves to the roots, seperates the inner *liber* from the *albernum*, or new formation of lignum. This downward flow of the *cambium* unites the bark of the bud to the corresponding bark of the stock.

SELECTION.—Select shoots from the lateral branches of a tree that produces the best quality of fruit; and from the middle of these shoots cut your buds. For early budding, use the latent bud of last year's formation; and for later budding, the mature bud of the present year's growth.

STOCK.—Last year's smooth shoot is the best stock for the reception of the bud, though thrifty stems of three or four years' growth are generally preferred, being capable of receiving a greater number of buds. Make use of thrifty stocks and insert low. *Modus operandi.* The piece of wood and bark containing the bud, should be about two inches long—the bud half an inch from the top end. The wood part should be tapered downward from the top, leaving nothing but the thickness of the bark at the lower end. Having prepared the bud, make two incisions in the bark of the stock—one crosswise, and the other downward, forming a T. Lift the bark on each side of the downward slit, and slip the bud-piece downward under the bark, nearly its entire length, and cut the top part off so as to fit the bark of the bud-piece to the corresponding bark on the stock. Perform the operation quickly, so as to prevent the parts from becoming dry. Wrap tightly with strips of cotton rag. Wax put on before tying would certainly be much better, though we have never tried it. Insert in damp weather—morning or evening will do—shield sufficiently from the rays of the sun.

TREATMENT.—If successful, your buds will grow in about two weeks. In three weeks the ties should be loosened, and in a week or two more, taken entirely off. When pruning time comes, the old stock may be cut off close to the bud, so that the wound will heal over. Grafting is much surer than budding, though there is an advantage in trying both. Farmers should experiment both in grafting and budding, then "report progress" to the "Dollar Newspaper." Have any of your readers ever attempted the amalgamation of fruit trees? Who will be the first to try it, and report to the "Newspaper?"

Fallen Timber, Pa, 1862. J. W. S.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FARMERS AND THEIR WIVES.

Said a young person to a lady recently who sat holding her child, "Now what good is all your education going to do you? You have spent much time in study, graduated with high honors, learned music and painting, and now only married a farmer. Why did you not teach school, or do something to benefit the world with your talents; or, if you chose to marry, why not take a teacher, a clergyman or some professional man? But, as it is, you did not need so much learning for a farmer's wife." The lady made the following reply: "You do not look as far as I do into the future. Do you see this boy on my lap? I need all the study, all the discipline, both of mind and body, that I could possibly get, in order that I may train him aright. You see I have the first impressions to make on the fair blank of his pure heart, and unless my own mind was first cultivated, my own heart first purified, how could I well perform the task now placed before me? And do you not suppose that farmers have tastes and hearts like other men, even if they do hold the plow and till the soil for their support? Do you not suppose their minds are just as susceptible of cultivation as other men? Have they no love of the beautiful in their art or nature—or does the evening hour never pass as pleasantly with them, when they gather around the piano after the day's labor is finished? Oh, my young friend you have made a sad mistake in your reckoning. Of all occupations give me that of a farmer. It is the most healthful, his life is freer from care, his sleep is sweeter, his treasures safer. A farmer need not be the slave of any, for he has none to please but himself. Not so with almost any tradesman, mechanic or professional man. They have more or less to do with the world at large, and have all manner of persons to deal with, so that they have need of the patience of Job to live. They are well aware they must not freely speak their minds at all times, if they do they will lose custom, for they depend upon the people for a living, therefore, they are the servants of all. Then what can be desired more? What is more peaceful, prosperous, honest, healthful and happy than a farmer's life and a farmer's wife?" P. L. S.

Mullica Hill, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

OBSERVATIONS ON FARMING.

The farmer should interchange thoughts with his fellows, as often as he has an opportunity to do so. Experience is a good teacher, but a few hints from one who has spent his life in beautifying his homestead, are frequently of more value than long years of experience. In travelling through different parts of Pennsylvania, a person will be astonished to see the different methods employed to accomplish the same results. One farmer cultivates only a small portion of land, yet he obtains large crops. Many others do the same. We find others again, who contemplate reaping a large harvest from large tracts of land. He who has visited the northern and southern part of Pennsylvania, cannot fail to mark this difference. Some men who possess farms of an inferior order, are astonished at their neighbor's prosperity. Why his lands are so fertile, they are not able to tell. Land is like almost everything else which the kind Creator has given us, it may be made better or worse. Our every day experience teaches us, that judicious cultivation will render nearly all lands highly fertile. On the other hand, injudicious management will so impair the fertility of the soil, that no one except a Green Mountain Yankee could succeed in raising provender enough for himself and family. An instance of improper management of land once occurred in my own neighborhood. A gentleman purchased a farm that was, without doubt, in as high a state of cultivation as any other in the vicinity. The first, second, and third years he had fine crops. The fourth crop gave indications of a decline, the fifth repeated the same signal, but with more emphasis, and the sixth unmistakeably verified the antecedent indications of failure. Why did this farmer's crops thus decline? Why was the labor bestowed to obtain the sixth crop, not as amply repaid as that which was employed to obtain the first? The answer is obvious. This husbandman thought that mother earth would continue to give with a bountiful hand, whether he gave anything in return or not. In this, however, he was greatly deceived. The soil is like a generous father, it gives liberally to him who properly expends its products. He who takes everything from the soil which it produces, and neglects to return it, or its equivalent again, has certainly forgotten the great law of interchange in nature. Such an individual's operations are certainly very unphilosophical. The rain which falls to fertilize the earth, and which infuses new life into the vegetable world, after it has performed its allotted mission is evaporated, and in due time returns to the same again. The same principle of interchange holds good when applied to agriculture. The man who reaps the most abundant harvest, is he who applies manure enough to repay what the previous crop extracted. I heard an old farmer once remark, "that mother earth could not be cheated." I have ever found this remark to prove true. Another reason why some fail to be remunerated for their toil is, that they work the land when it is too wet. This is certainly a great injury to any soil. But as we purpose speaking of soils in a future communication, we will say nothing further on this subject at present. D.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A BIG YIELD OF BUTTER.

A correspondent in Clark county, Ohio, says, in the "Newspaper" of May 14th, that he has a Durham cow, from the milk of which were made, in six days, fifteen pounds of butter, and then adds, that he would like to know if that is a big yield, or "what is the average amount of butter made from a good cow fed the same as the other cows." Let us take the last part of this inquiry first, and endeavor to settle the yet undetermined question as to what is a fair average yield of butter per cow, so far as the reports of large dairies may enable us to settle that question. When this is settled, then any one will be able to determine whether or not any particular yield of butter is a big one or not. It happens very opportunely, so far as the settling of this somewhat important question is concerned, that there has just appeared in the columns of that excellent agricultural paper, *The Country Gentleman*, the first of a series of articles on this very subject. From the article referred to we learn, that Youatt estimates the daily average yield of an Ayrshire cow, for the first two or three months after calving, at five gallons a day; for the next three months, at three gallons; for the next four months, at one gallon and a half. This would be 850 gallons as the annual average of a cow; but allowing for some unproductive cows, he estimates the average of a dairy at 600 gallons, or 2400 quarts per annum for each cow. Now reckoning, as Mr. Youatt, Mr. Flint, and other authorities in matters of the dairy, have done, that 2¾ gallons of Ayrshire cow's milk will yield 1¼ lbs. of butter, it is easy to calculate what would be an *average*, and what be a *big* yield of butter from any particular cow, of the Ayrshire, Durham, or any other good breed. During the first two or three months after calving, or when the yield of milk was five gallons a day, the product in butter would be, at the above rate, within a trifle of 13 lbs. in six days. Fifteen pounds of butter in six days exceeds an average yield therefore, by about two pounds. But, then this *average* yield of five gallons or 20 quarts of milk a day, comes far short of some of the *large* and *very large* yields, which are not at all uncommon. Thus, for example, Mr. Flint in his work entitled "*Milch Cows and Dairy Farming*," says that the Ayrshire cow has been known to produce over ten imperial gallons (forty quarts) of good milk a day. From such an amount of milk the product in butter for six days would be about 20 lbs., so that 15 lbs. in six days, though a little above an average, is far less than such big yields as are occasionally to be met with. But the determination of what is a fair average of butter for *a whole season or year*, is of more importance than any statement as to the yield of a day or any number of days; and on this subject we find some valuable statistics in the article in the *Country Gentleman* of May 1st, already referred to. The amounts of annual products of butter there mentioned range from 130 to 255 lbs., and *a fair average* in a dairy of good cows would seem to be about 200 lbs. per annum.

COULTIS.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE POTATO.

Many articles have appeared in the "Newspaper," respecting the culture of the potato, some writers asserting that raising it from the tuber, in time will impair its vigor and cause the development of disease. Now if the health of the potato is affected by being planted a series of years, so as to render necessary its reproduction from the end, it cannot be too quickly ascertained, and in this connection I will take a few facts. We raise the flesh-color and a yellow potato resembling them in everything but color, which grandfather procured and planted thirty or thirty-five years ago, and they have been raised upon the same farm, without change of seed to the present time; and this without any perceptible change in quality or diminution in the yield compared with other potatoes. Always planted good sized potatoes and never cut them. Again, will potatoes raised from he seed be free from disease? In the spring of 1852, I planted some seed, and when I dug them nearly all were diseased, even those that were no larger than peas. Another time at the second digging, when the potatoes were quite large, one-fourth were rotten. Some years ago we raised from the seed of the mercer, a potato resembling them, except that they grew larger and had a small blue spot upon one end. These produced largely for four or five years, but after that the yield decreased until it was not profitable to plant them. I would not be understood as being opposed to change of seed—far from it, for upon this the success of the farm depends.

Another correspondent says:

RAISING POTATOES FROM THE SEED.—As it may be interesting to farmers in general, I will give an account of a few experiments on this branch of agriculture. In 1852, I planted some seed from the Mercer potato; the weather being somewhat unfavorable, they were about six weeks in coming through the ground. They grew rapidly, however. Their tops were very large. I let them remain in the ground until the tops were withered, when I dug them. There were thirteen different kinds, from the size of a pea to that of a marble, and of many different colors. The second year of planting, they were much larger, some as large as a hen's egg. I carefully placed them away in a dry cellar, and the third spring I planted them separately. Upon digging them in the fall, I found one kind that were of good size, and black in color. Upon cooking them I found they were a good mealy potato, resembling the Mercer in shape and taste. For this reason I called them the black Mercer. I continued to raise them every year until two years ago, when they rotted so badly that I lost the seed. The other twelve kinds, with one exception, proved worthless. This exception was a round, white potato, which, however, was inferior to the black ones, and the yield was very small.

L. G.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RAISING TURKEYS.

Why is it that at least three out of four farmers do not succeed in raising turkeys? With all other poultry they are successful, but turkeys are abandoned by most farmers as too uncertain and troublesome to bother with. Now this is all wrong—for once a person gets the knack of raising these fine fowls, they can raise just as many as they please. So far as I am concerned, I generally raise more turkeys than I know what to do with, and I have turkeys now left over from last season, that will be eaten as we want them. Last winter we fairly revelled in roast turkey—gave quite a number away—sold others, have some, beside the breeders, still left. My plan of raising is simple, and I will give it in as few words as possible:

First. I never allow a turkey to set until about the *middle of May*. They will commence to lay early in April, but I take their eggs away as fast as laid, and keep them until they lay their second batch, which will be finished about the second or third week in May. I then give her some 18 or 20 of the eggs and let her set. Along about the middle of June she will be off. I then take her, put her with her young on an old barn floor, or other out-building that is dry, and feed on curd and cracked corn. Curd is the best for a *continual feed* when the farmer has plenty, but cracked corn or coarse meal, mixed with lobbered milk, will answer about equally as well. After they have been in doors for two or three days, or long enough to get fairly on their legs (for the turkey is the weakest of all fowl when young), I let them out, providing the weather is due, and *there is no dew on the grass*. The great reason why people cannot or do not raise turkeys is, because they turn them out as soon as hatched, and about the first *wetting* they get, they keel over and die. To succeed in raising turkies therefore, you must keep them dry until at least ten weeks old, when they will stand as much water as other fowls—geese and ducks excepted. Of course, they must be driven in every night, and on all occasions when a storm is threatening. The reader will at once perceive there is *care* in all this, but when "Thanksgiving" and "Christmas" comes—to say nothing of all the Sunday roasts during the winter, our care is lost in enjoyment, and we come to the conclusion that "turkeys are worth raising."

P. A. A.

Rye, May, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

FLEAS.—Some one makes inquiry, in the issue of this paper for May 21st, as to a method for getting rid of fleas, with which himself and family were already being tormented, notwithstanding the unusual coldness and backwardness of the season up to about that date. If fleas had begun to be troublesome by that time, they must be much more so as the season becomes warmer, and therefore the poor sufferers deserve pity and help. Such help as we can give him, we tender with great readiness, as our sympathies have been deeply moved by the earnestness of his appeal for help, and as his promise of being "forever obliged" to any one who will help him, must bind him to do some good turn to some other sufferer whenever he may have an opportunity. His obligation to us personally we shall hold to be discharged in full, if he shall do as much for some one of the many inquirers for information who are constantly making their wants known through these columns. Our inquirer says that he has cleaned all the trash about his barn where the fleas seem to be congregated. If he would clean all the bays in the barn of all the old hay or straw, or other rubbish, and then *burn it*, he would get rid of more of these pests than by merely throwing such rubbish out into the barnyard. Let him do the same with any bedding where hogs may have lain, and he will get rid of still more. We once moved into a house which was infested with fleas, on account of the former occupant having allowed his hogs to make a nest among a pile of shavings near the house. This pile we burned along with a lot of chip-dirt near the door in which also the fleas had found a harbor, and by this means diminished the number of them greatly. Another source of fleas in a house is, sometimes having a dog sleep in or under or near to the house. We found one house, which we have occupied, very much infested with these little pests in consequence of a dog having had a nest under the kitchen, the floor of which rested on a wall about two feet high, and in which a hole had been left for the dog to get in under the floor. Straw had been put in from time to time for his bed or nest, and this kindness to the dog was the occasion of the fleas finding their way all the summer into the house. By clearing out the old straw, and fumigating the space under the floor with tar and sulphur, and then shutting up the hole, and finding a new kennel for our own dog, we got rid of the torment of fleas. Some one else will probably supply other hints for the use of our flea-tormented inquirer; but, if not, he may probably find the foregoing hints and information sufficient to rid him of the grievous annoyance. In conclusion, we would say, let all who would prevent or get rid of fleas, clear out their barns every spring, and keep all hogs and dogs at a very respectable distance from their dwelling houses. COULTIS.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES.

PLOWING LAND.—*Kent County, Md.*—Does plowing land in the fall, in very cold climates, injure it? If so, why? What kind of manure is best adapted to marshy land? D.

THE REBELLION.

BATTLE BEFORE RICHMOND.

THE ATTACK ON GEN. CASEY'S POSITION.

The Temporary Disasters There, with Loss of Artillery and Camp Equipage.

THE DIVISIONS OF GENS. KEARNEY AND HOOKER BROUGHT UP.

The Rebels Driven Back Like Sheep.

The particulars of the battles on Saturday and Sunday in front of Richmond are coming to hand. It appears from these accounts that General Casey's command was composed of comparatively new troops, the regiments of which were reduced by sickness to four and five hundred men each. The whole division numbering 6000 men, was attacked about one o'clock, by an overpowering force. The outposts were driven in, the pickets being either killed or captured. The whole division was driven back, with the loss of seven guns and all its camp equippage, except the stores and wagons, which had been sent back before the battle commenced. The reserves were then brought up by Heintzelman and Kearney, and recovered a great part of the ground lost. On Sunday the attack was renewed, by the oldest and steadiest soldiers of McClellan's army—the now before the rebels, and at the point of the bayonet they drove them, at all points, back again.

THE POSITION OF OUR TROOPS BEFORE THE FIGHT.

The position of the different brigades before the engagement was as follows:

Gen. Naglee's brigade, consisting of the One Hundred and Fourth Pennsylvania, Col. W. H. Davis; Seventh Maine, Lieut.-Col. Plamsteed; Fifty-sixth New York, Col. C. H. Van Wyck; Fifty-second Pennsylvania, Col. J. G. Dodge; One Hundredth New York, Col. J. M. Brown, were on the right of the Williamsburg and Richmond stage road, and extended across the rail track some distance. The second brigade, under command of Gen Wessells consisting of the Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania, Col. T. B. H. Howell; One Hundred and First Pennsylvania, Col. T. H. Wilson; One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, Colonel M. H. Lehman; Ninety-sixth New York, Col. J. Fairman; Eighty-first New York, Lieut.-Col. De Forest; Eighty-fifth New York, Col. T. S. Belknap; Ninety-second New York, Lieut.-Col. Anderson; Ninety-eighth New York, Lieut.-Col. Durkee.

The right of the line was held by the First Brigade, under Gen. H. M. Naglee, as brave and vigilant an officer as is to be found in the army of the Potomac. Gen. Naglee's pickets extended across the railroad (running parallel with the Williamsburg road, about a mile to the right) to near the sixth mile-post from Richmond, and so on further to the right and a little to the rear until within a short distance of a point on the Chickahominy, where Gen. Sumner had thrown a bridge across the stream, and was hourly expected to cross to complete the line of pickets to the river.

The centre of Gen. Casey's position, held by the Second Brigade, Gen. Wassell's (formerly Gen. Keim's), extended from Gen. Naglee's lines to the left a short distance across the Williamsburg road, where it joined the Third Brigade, Gen. Palmer's, stretching some distance further to the left, and joining the lines of Gen. Couch, who guarded the left flank, the main portion of his force being a short distance to the rear of Casey, on the Williamsburg road.

THE NATURE OF THE GROUND.

The position occupied by the main body of these two divisions was a clearing of about one mile square, surrounded on the left and on the front by a belt of forest, in which Gen. Casey's pickets were stationed. On the right, a wooded swamp divided the clearing from a similar opening in the forest, along the railroad, which was occupied by Gen. Naglee with his brigade. Just beyond the woods to the front were similar clearings with woods on their farther side, where the rebels lay concealed, their pickets occupying the edge of the forest, and separated, from our pickets by the width of the fields, forming a sort of neutral ground between the two armies, over which each kept close watch lest his neighbor should take possession.

THE ATTACK.

Shortly after noon the grand attack commenced, Gen. Casey's pickets being driven in all along the front, after a sharp resistance, the rebels advancing in force along the roads—the Williamsburg road, to our left, the railroad, in the centre, and the "Nine-mile Road," as it is called, on the right. With his feeble division greatly weakened by extension, General Casey had no backbone to oppose this sudden attack. But no thought of yielding his ground entered the mind of the old soldier, scarred with the wounds of Mexico and disciplined to danger by a hundred fights. His troops were immediately formed into position, the three brigades maintaining their relative positions on the right, left and centre, and as thorough preparations were made for resisting the attack as its suddenness would admit of. Regan's New York Battery was stationed just to the right of the Williamsburg road, Bates' Battery of Napoleon guns further to the left across the road, and Fitch's Battery three or four hundred yards to the rear, the last sending its shell over the heads of our troops at the enemy beyond. The fourth battery was near the railroad, further to the right.

The vigor with which the enemy pressed forward to the attack indicated the confidence of superior strength. A battalion of two regiments pressed again nst Gen. Naglee on the right, another fell on Gen. Wassell at the centre, and a third on Gen. Palmer to the left, pouring in at once a fire hot and heavy, and advancing with great resolution in face of the steady fire of canister and grape from the guns in front, and shell from those further to the rear, mowing down their ranks in all directions. The rebels had but little artillery, and were evidently disposed to make good the deficiency by pressing to close quarters with their superior force, to bear down at once by weight of numbers the feeble skeleton regiments of three and four hundred men, who composed the advanced division.

Most of Gen. Casey's troops were thrown forward to the edge of the woods in front of his position to meet the advance of the rebels, now regiments being left behind the partially completed rifle-pits, a short distance to the rear. Thus a division, nearly new to warfare, was suddenly exposed, in an open field, to the heaviest fire from an enemy covered to a considerable extent by the woods through which they were advancing. Terribly was the tempest raged, the air almost growing thick with musket balls; officer after officer fell, or was borne from the field a wounded man: the men dropped by scores, and the usual number of weak-kneed ones were falling to the rear. But in spite of the rapid thinning of their ranks, the regiments generally held their ground until the enemy succeeded in rushing around on the left flank, and poured in an enfilading fire from that direction, against which the rifle-pits were no protection. The sixty rounds of ammunition with which they entered the fight were nearly exhausted, and no more was at hand.

ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS.

Meantime one of Gen. Couch's brigades, commanded by Gen. Abercrombie, was ordered up to the support of Gen. Naglee on the right, Gen. Devens, of the same division, sustaining Gen. Wessell on the centre, and Gen. Peck, with the remaining brigade, supporting Gen. Palmer on the left. When Gen. Casey's troops were forced to give way, the rebels fell on these brigades of Couch's division, who disputed every inch of ground, until sustained by Gen. Kearney, pressing up the Williamsburg road with reinforcements to meet them, supported by the division of Gen. Hooker in his rear. Pressing rapidly forward, Gen. Kearney advanced along the Williamsburgh road to within a short distance of our original position, where he bivouacked for the night in front of the enemy.

It was along this Williamsburg road that the main attack was made, and here our troops were forced back for half a mile or more, before the arrival of Gen. Heintzelman's corps, the feeble brigades of Casey's division—averaging less than two thousand men—being completely broken up, many, if not most, of the officers killed, wounded or missing, and the privates scattered through the woods and along the road. Bravely and well did Gen. Casey do his duty, pressing on to the extreme front and cheering on his men, regardless of the storm of fire and hail that raged about him, cutting down his officers on all sides, but strangely escaping his own person. Bravely and well did most of his officers stand by him, until, one after another, they were borne from the field dead or wounded.

THE LOSS OF ARTILLERY.

Col. Bailey, Chief of Artillery, was shot early in the afternoon, the ball striking him in the head and causing his death after a short period of insensibility. Maj. Van Vantenberg, the second in command of the First New York Artillery, was killed, Adj. Wm. Ramsey wounded, while every battery but one lost its quota of men, and some of them lost nearly all their horses. Bates' battery of Napoleon guns—12-pound brass pieces—which was at the front, thus deprived of locomotion and stuck fast in the mud, was left behind in the retirement of our troops, but not until Gen. Naglee had taken it upon himself to see that several of the pieces were spiked. In addition to this, one 3 inch Parrot gun of battery H, was disabled by a shot, and fell into the hands of the enemy. The Pennsylvania Reserve battery, of Couch's division, also lost one of their guns—these eight pieces of ordnance constituting our entire loss, so far as I could learn. We can better afford to spare the pieces than we can afford to have the rebels profit by their gain. They show every indication of being much in want of artillery, and the need is evidently stimulating their efforts to profit by the chances of war to possess themselves of our guns.

GEN. SUMNER'S ADVANCE.

Meantime General Sumner had succeeded in bringing his troops across the Chickahominy, and was advancing on the right to maintain our position there, where less ground had been lost. After several days of labor, Gen. Sumner had thrown two bridges across the creek between Bottom's Bridge and New Bridge, where local reports held it to be impossible to find any foundation for piles to support the superstructures. One of these bridges was some two miles above Bottom's Bridge, the other a mile further up the stream. The lower of these was carried away during the heavy storm of Friday night, and Gen. Sumner was obliged to depend upon a single shaky structure for the passage of his troops, who nearly all, however, succeeded in crossing that night, the head of the column reaching the Nine mile road, along which the rebels were pressing our troops, at about seven o'clock, holding the enemy in check for the night, preventing them from following up in that direction the advantage they had gained during the day.

FULL DETAILS OF THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

How the Battle was Fought and How the Battle was Won.

THE REBELS DRIVEN BACK AT EVERY POINT WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER.

[Correspondence of New York Times]

BATTLE-FIELD, Monday, June 2, 1862.

The rebel army still occupied the camps of Casey's and Couch's Divisions, on Sunday morning, with a strong picket force guarding the road facing Snead's house and the wheat field where our earth-works were thrown up, extending from our extreme left to the railroad, near Fair Oak Station. The distance from the point where our earthworks were located to the edge of the wood could not have been more than four hundred yards. This position the rebels held until day dawned on Sunday morning.

To our right, on the other side of the railroad, the divisions of Gens. Richardson and Sedgwick were found, in a semi-circle, with their left resting on Gen. Hooker's right, at the railroad, and their right flanking the enemy. These divisions were composed of parts of the brigades of General Burns, General French, General T. F. Meagher, with four batteries of artillery.

Gen. Hooker's Division were camped in the wood fronting Snead's house, on the Williamsburg road, occupying the centre, and a little in advance of our right and left wings. On our left the remaining portions of Couch's and Casey's Divisions rested, with reserves of fresh troops extending to our extreme left, near the middle road, under Gen. Keyes.

Gen. Heintzelman was on the ground at the front as soon as day dawned, accompanied by two Aids. Gen. Hooker met him, and the two Generals sat down at the foot of a tree behind our breastworks, arranging a plan for the day's proceedings.

Gens. Jamieson, Keyes and Sickles arrived at the front soon after, and the fight of Saturday was talked over as one of no particular advantage to the enemy, as they had concentrated their main force upon this portion of our front lines, and the effect was more disastrous to them. *Their loss in killed in Saturday's fight exceeded ours largely in one, and of their number* wounded it is impossible to form an estimate. Several of their men brought in as prisoners gave their loss in killed and wounded upward of three thousand. They made a desperate attack, it is true, and gained considerable ground, besides a large number of guns, camp equipage, &c., as trophies, *which they immediately sent to Richmond.*

PREPARATIONS FOR THE BATTLE ON SUNDAY.

Gen. Heintzelman, at 6 A. M., ordered a reconnoissance to be made by a small force on the left of the wood and to the right, toward the railroad. A Lieutenant with two cavalrymen crossed over the wheat field behind Snead's house, and were about to penetrate the wood near the Williamsburg road, when the enemy's pickets appeared at his front. He immediately turned back and reported to Gen. Heintzelman the close proximity of the enemy. In the meantime, the other parties sent out came in, and reported the enemy in great force in front of our right and left flanks. Gen. Heintzelman then ordered out Gen. Hooker's Division—part of which had been left to guard the camp, and a certain position on our extreme left. The regiments Gen. Hooker brought on the field were the five regiments comprising the Excelsior Brigade, under command of Gen. D. E. Sickles, and the Fifth and Sixth New Jersey regiments; Gen. Heintzelman having resolved to attack the enemy, and drive them from the wood.

THE BATTLE.

It was about a quarter of seven when Gen'l Heintzelman ordered Gen. Hooker to attack the rebels in his front, and drive them from the woods. The Excelsior Brigade marched out from their camp in the woods to the Williamsburgh road, the New Jersey Fifth and Sixth following. The Excelsior Brigade filed in the wheat field in front of our earthworks, to the right of the road, while the two regiments of New Jersey troops took a position to the left. As the Second Regiment, Excelsior Brigade, was forming in position to the front of the wood, the rebels opened a rapid and heavy fire upon it, killing two or three privates and wounding about six. Among these wounded as the first fire of the rebels was Lieut. Lawrie (formerly an aid to Gen Sickles), and Capt. Nolan. The fire of the enemy immediately became simultaneous along their entire line. The New Jersey troops fought splendidly, loading and firing without flinching from their position. General Sickles' regiments did great execution, and raging at every fire upon the rebels masked by the wood. However, it was plainly to be seen the enemy had every advantage, and *it was resolved to clear the woods at the point of the bayonet.* Gen. Sickles rode along the front of his men, in the midst of an iron hail which the rebels poured in, and gave orders for the Second regiment, Col. G. B. Hall, to charge bayonets. No sooner was the order given than the men fixed bayonets. Col. Hall gallantly led the charge—*one of the most brilliant ever made in any battle. Not a man shrunk. All straggled from the ranks.* The rebels presented a strong front to the gleaming bayonets of our men, not a hundred yards distant.

As the Second advanced on the double quick, cheering and shouting, the rebels held back their fire until our men were hardly one hundred feet from their line, when they fired a volley into the ranks of the second. It proved too low, and few were killed or wounded. Immediately after the rebels fired this volley, they broke ranks and fled through the wood. A few of their bravest remained to resist our passage, but they were soon mowed down by the steel front of the gallant Second Excelsior.

Major Herbert, of the Eighth Alabama regiment, was taken prisoner at this time. His horse had been shot under him, and as he fell he received a shot in his side. He sprang to his feet, however, almost instantly, and seeing several of our men in front of him, mistook them for some of his own regiment. Rally once more boys! he cried, but they corrected his mistake by presenting their bayonets and demanding him to surrender, which he did with all the grace and finish that an original secessionist, as he afterwards informed me he was, could do under the circumstances. The rebels made two or three attempts to flank us on the left, after retreating from their centre, but they were beat back with great loss, our troops pursuing them for nearly two miles.

Richardson's Brigade, before the enemy's centre gave way, had a hard fight; the ground was hotly contested by the rebels. The Fourth and Fifth Excelsior regiments were sent to support one of Richardson's batteries, but before the battery got in fair working order, the enemy began to show signs of a retreat. The rebel officers could be heard distinctly urging the men to fight, but they would run away. The Irish Brigade fought splendidly, and routed the rebels at the point of the bayonet. None of our forces on the left flank participated in the fight. The rebels were defeated and driven back by Hooker's and Richardson's divisions. Advance parties scoured the woods on both sides of the Richmond road, and succeeded in capturing nearly two hundred of the rebels, among them three Lieutenants.

At 11 o'clock the firing on both sides ceased. The rebels had fallen back to beyond our original lines, leaving guards stationed to watch our advance, and also to bring their wounded off the field. The enemy were driven from every position they occupied, by our troops. The main column rested a mile in advance of their position at the commencement of the fight. At about 12 o'clock General McClellan rode up to the front, accompanied by his Staff and bodyguard, and met Gen. Heintzelman seated at the foot of a tree. Little Mac democratically seated himself at the side of Heintzelman, on the ground, when his Staff grouped themselves, resting on stumps of trees and logs. There was the Prince de Joinville, Count de Paris, and the Duc de Chartres, forming a select group of three, conversing quite animatedly in French, and the other members of McClellan's Staff joining in with a little English. "They fight on Sunday always," said the Duc de Chartres, alluding to the rebels. General McClellan had been seated probably half an hour, conversing with Gen. Heintzelman, when Gen. Hooker rode up from the extreme advanced line gained that morning, and as he was dismounting from his horse, Gen. McClellan rose from his seat, and advancing, shook him warmly by the hand, and congratulated him and his noble division, in terms of the highest praise. A long conversation took place between them. It was plainly seen no further advance was to be made that day, as no troops were ordered up to the front.

At a little after one o'clock, Gen. McClellan mounted his horse and rode along the lines of his troops, back and forth, until all the soldiers had a good opportunity of seeing him. Napoleon never was received by his enthusiastic troops with greater manifestations of delight than was McClellan by his army, showing that he possessed the confidence as well as the hearts of his men. They feel that they must ever be victorious under his guidance. Prisoners continued to be brought in very fast; we had captured nearly five hundred. They were immediately handed over to Provost Marshal Young, of Gen Hooker's division, who sent them, properly guarded, to Gen Heintzelman's headquarters, at Savage's Station. Many of them were dressed in new clothes, captured in Casey's camp—a large supply having been sent up to Casey's division a few days before the battle, but had not been distributed to the men. The result was that the enemy, who had been wearing faded, worn out home-spun, doffed their forms for our genteel uniforms. This was the cause of many serious mistakes, our men unfortunately mistaking them for our own.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIELD.

Gen. Sickles had several narrow escapes; he was always to be found in the thickest of the fight. Had those gifted Senators who refused to confirm his nomination but witnessed the enthusiasm of his troops when serving under him, and his military qualification for the office, they would do penance until re-elected. The rebels during the fight had their sharpshooters posted in trees to pick off our officers—a fact discovered in the early part of the action. One of these sharpshooters had been wounded, and lay down at the foot of a tree; as Gen Sickles was riding in the wood, he took deliberate aim and fired, but fortunately missed his mark. Some of our men rushed at the wounded rebel, and were about despatching him with their bayonets, when Gen. Sickles ordered them not to harm him, but take him prisoner.

There were many incidents illustrating fully the metal of our men engaged in this struggle. Many a private displayed deeds of bravery worthy of record. The officers bore themselves well, and shared the dangers in advance of their men.

THE REBEL COMMANDERS.

The rebel Generals, commanding in this engagement, were Gens. Longstreet, Roger A. Pryor, Hill, Bronk, Howell Cobb, Rains, Huger, and five others whose names I could not learn.

A STAGE AND FOUR HORSES CAPTURED.

A small party of our men, reconnoitering, met an omnibus, drawn by four fine bay horses, on the New Bridge road, going at a speedy gait toward Richmond, and containing two officers. Driving the horses were two contrabands. Lieut. Lee cried out for them to stop, but no attention was paid to the summons, and he ordered the men to fire. One of the officers jumped out and made good his escape in the woods. The other was shot as he had his head out of the window urging the contrabands to go faster. The driver now held up, and Lieut. Lee mounted the box, first placing the negroes inside, in charge of Private Boyd, One Hundredth New York. The Lieutenant brought the stage safely within our lines. As it made its appearance, emerging from the wood on the Williamsburg road, where but a few hours ago the enemy were disputing our advance, it created the most intense excitement and curiosity among our men. Many supposed it to be filled with Gen. McClellan from Richmond with the news of his occupation of the city. The stage is comparatively new. In size and shape it is about the same as our Broadway stages, perhaps a trifle lighter. From the fact of its being built by "Jotter Stevenson, New York" (painted on a panel on the inside), I seriously doubt if John S. has received payment for it. Over the windows, on the outside, "Columbia Hotel" is painted.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

In company with Gen. Sickles, Col. Graham, Col. Hall and Lieut. Graham, I rode out upon the battle-field on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The scene witnessed here baffles all description. Caissons, with horses shot dead in their traces, ambulances, wagons, &c., &c., filled the road in front of Casey's camp. There were about two hundred of our wounded still lying where they fell on Saturday. Some of them spoke kindly of the rebels, saying they treated them very well. Dead rebels, as well as our own men, were lying in every part of the field and wood. I counted fifty-seven dead rebels in front of a small piece of woods not forty feet square. One wounded rebel was lying on the ground, unable to move, as was shot in both legs. On each side of him lay some dead rebels. As we passed by, he begged us for God's sake to take the dead men away from him. The stench was intolerable.

NUMBER OF GUNS LOST.

We lost nineteen guns in the fight of Saturday. Not one of them has been recovered. The rebels ran a train down near Fair Oak Station, and carried away our commissary stores, guns, etc., to Richmond. The rebels destroyed what they could not conveniently carry away, including the new tents of